

THE
MONTHLY RELIGIOUS MAGAZINE
AND
INDEPENDENT JOURNAL.

VOL. XV.

JUNE, 1856.

No. 6.

THE CHARACTER AND PHILOSOPHY OF MALEBRANCHE.

"How charming is divine philosophy!
Not harsh and crabbed, as dull fools suppose;
But musical as is Apollo's lute,
And a perpetual feast of nectared sweets,
Where no crude surfeit reigns."

COMUS.

"He is not far from every one of us; for in Him we live and move and have our being."
ACTS xvii. 27.

No philosophy is complete till it is crowned with religion. Comte was in the right, though so far he said nothing new, when he insisted that we do not begin to study as we ought, till we cast aside our theologies and metaphysical systems and look steadily and exclusively at the positive facts before our eyes, — till we leave off dreaming about nature as we would have it and awake to the scrutiny of nature as it is. But surely it does not follow that to gather together in the memory all the facts it will hold, heaped one on another as they come, is the whole of philosophy. This would be knowledge, not wisdom; and the life given up to the getting of it would be spent to miserable purpose indeed. The fact is only valuable to us because it covers truth; and we learn the one, that we may understand the other.

But as long as truth presents itself in the form of abstract principles, though they may grow out of each other into a system as

beautiful as a system can be, it may move the wonder of man and call for his respect, but it cannot warm his mind or touch its deepest springs. This system is itself a fact; and, if philosophy cannot go behind it, philosophy is a failure. Thought has sprung from the earth, only to float into another and an unreal world, just as arbitrary, if not so fragmentary in appearance, as the one it has left. But when the laws of the universe become the will of Him who made it, when the riddle of the world is changed into the mystery of creation, and Nature inheres in God, then Reason wears her noblest shape, and the cold and barren waste of metaphysics blossoms like a garden in the morning sun. Philosophy can go no farther. It has risen above the created, the dependent, and stands in the presence of the independent, the I AM.

There is perhaps no better illustration of this than that which we may find in the history of Descartes's philosophy and of its development by Malebranche. Not that I refer to the attempt of the latter to apply philosophy to the creed of the Church, to bring it to bear on the dispensation of Grace as well as that of Nature. With that part of his system I shall have nothing to do. It is not the subjects of his thought which give his philosophy its religious character, but the tone and tendency of the thought itself.

Malebranche was born at Paris, in 1638, and died in the same city, in 1715. The period of his life coincided precisely with that of Louis XIV., whose age is one of the landmarks in the history of science and letters. He was a close contemporary of Leibnitz, who was born eight years after him and died just eleven months before him. Locke, Spinoza, and the Philosopher of Society, Puffendorff, were all six years older than Malebranche. At the time of his birth, his great master was in his forty-third year, and the "Discourse on Method" had been published the year before; but Descartes died in 1650, long before Malebranche had read a word of his philosophy.

Malebranche was destined for the Church; and, at twenty-two, he became a member of the Congregation of the Oratory at Paris. He began by devoting himself to church history; but the reading of several ponderous tomes was enough to convince him that for such study his mind was wholly unfitted, and he turned in disgust to Hebrew and the criticism of the Scriptures. But he found no

more satisfaction in this course than in the other. His was not a mind to be unfolded by book-learning or conning by rote. A new fact or rule only drove an old one out of his head; and it was the barrenest facts and rules which then made up the study of the theologian. The living principle that had once made them seeds of truth had mustered long ago; and they were now as dry and spiritless, and lay in the memory as hard and unchanged, as so many pebbles. Malebranche yearned for a fresh and vigorous intellectual life; but those to whom he looked to quicken it knew only how to smoothen the limbs and features of dead wisdom into a decent likeness to the breathing form. He asked for bread, and they gave him a stone.

The chance meeting with Descartes's "Treatise on Man," by showing him how to satisfy his longings for intellectual freedom, gave the impulse to his life. Malebranche had scarcely heard of Descartes except by name; but a glance at this book brought him face to face, for the first time in his life, with one of a temper like his own. As he read on, his sympathy with the author grew deeper, excitement strengthened into enthusiasm, and his heart beat so violently that he was forced more than once to lay the book aside. The view of life which had hitherto stretched before Malebranche was all at once changed. A new world was opened to him; and he felt that he was fitted to explore it. Of philosophy he had never before dreamed, beyond the narrow teachings of the schools, and they had never been philosophy to him; but it was now revealed to him that there is a truth higher than that which the learned revered, a source of wisdom in his own breast far purer and more inexhaustible than all the pages of Aristotle.

"The oracle within him, that which *lives*,
He must invoke and question; not dead books,
Not ordinances, not mould-rotted papers." *

Now all the learned old volumes were thrown aside for ever; and Malebranche sought his happiness in a life of philosophical thought. Of course, he could not make this change without exposing his consistency to the sharp taunts of his colleagues of the Oratory, who looked on his new studies with all the holy horror which

* Schiller's Wallenstein (*Die Piccolomini*); Coleridge's translation.

weak and withered minds are apt to express for whatever is *speculative*, meaning thereby what is too bold for their courage and too large for their appreciation, and not, I apprehend, as it would seem, to be sure, at first sight, intending to cast any slur on the operation of *reasoning*, which, under decent and authorized restraints, they think it wise even to countenance. Gravely might such men shake their stupid heads at the new-fangled vagaries which not only shot beyond the circumference of thought which the wisdom of ages had described, but even refused to turn about the same centre.

But he condemned them out of their own mouths, by reminding them of their cherished conceit, that Adam, because, I suppose, he was

" the goodliest man of men since born
His sons,"

must have had the perfect science; and reasoning (as plausibly as the case seemed to require) that, as Adam could certainly have known nothing of Criticism or History, it was plain that those studies could form no part of the perfect science; and he was content to aim at nothing higher than the perfect.

In 1674, ten years after he had met with the "Treatise on Man," Malebranche published the first volume of the "Search after Truth;" and he followed it up with the rest of the work in the next year. He had now fairly set foot in the charmed circle of the thinkers; and he found himself, all at once, the central point in it. And not only was he the central point in the circle of thinkers, but also in that world without the ring, which neither thinks itself nor cares for those who do. This was the success at which the "Search after Truth" aimed. It was meant to win over to philosophy, and especially to the Cartesian form of philosophy, those to whom metaphysical inquiry is apt to be distasteful; and it gained its end. It engaged the thoughtless by its simple freshness, charmed the man of letters by its wit and eloquence, flattered the unread by its contempt of learning, and made the way easier and more delightful to the indolent by turning off now and then to rest in the pleasant nooks by the roadside.* Its practical wisdom earned the approval of the man of facts and

* Recherche de la Vérité, liv. iv. chap. 13.

maxims; and the poet saw in its lofty thought and depth of feeling that true philosophy has something more in it than logic. But, above all, — for here lies the character of the book, — it proved to the religious, by example, that the metaphysician, unchristian though he too often is, and atheist though he sometimes becomes, may carry his study to the utmost reach of the Reason in a spirit of piety no less reverent, and more discriminating, than that of the simplest worshipper.

But, in spite of Malebranche's popularity, while he was "the cynosure of neighboring eyes," and the princes of foreign states left their thrones to visit him in his cell, he found no quarter with the philosophers. It was his misfortune to be constantly misunderstood; which, Fontenelle says, is not to be wondered at, since his metaphysical ideas are a kind of indivisible points, at which one must take the truest aim, or he misses them altogether.* But, bewildered as the opponents of this philosopher were with the exhilarating fumes of their own theories, perhaps it is not very strange that they referred their own unsteadiness to Malebranche's particle of truth, — or of falsehood, as they fancied it, — just when they were least in a condition to brush it away. Certain it is that there is a bigotry belonging to reformers quite as blind as that which will not look beyond the *ipse dixit* of some ancient oracle.

True, those who opposed Malebranche most actively were disciples of Descartes, like himself; or, if they were not so in name, it was his movement which had given the impulse and direction to their systems. But it was one of the consequences of Descartes's largeness of view, that it was often the most independent thinkers who became his closest followers, and each of them was for interpreting and applying principles which all acknowledged in a way of his own. Accordingly, when Malebranche came out with his strange doctrines as consequences of the Cartesian system, the other followers of Descartes took the field against him, not only for misrepresenting the great philosopher, but because he involved them in his outrage on their common teacher. Hence the bitterness of the controversy.

The death of Malebranche was of a piece with his stormy life. One day, as he was preparing a medicine over the fire in his cell,

* Eloge du Père Malebranche.

for an inflammation of the lungs with which he had long been troubled, he was visited by Bishop Berkeley. It was the first time these two philosophers had ever met, and the conversation naturally turned on a subject with respect to which they differed, the question of the existence of matter. As the pipkin boiled, the dispute waxed hot; and, obliged to maintain against a heretic a position in which his own secret dependence was the voice of Scripture and the Church, the pious Father grew over-excited and yielded to a zeal which proved fatal; for the irritation of the lungs which his exertion brought on was so violent as to end his life in a few days.

Malebranche taught that all the operations of our understanding are performed by virtue of a certain intimate union which it has with the Absolute Reason of the Infinite One.* In his own language:—"The Word of God is the place of minds as space is the place of bodies;" by which he meant that, just as we grasp objects in the Natural World by moving towards them through space, so we understand all things in the universe by approaching nearer and nearer to their ideas in this Spiritual World. To use his own concise expression, "We see all things in God."

But God is not only the Fountain of Light, he is the Centre of Warmth and Power, — the only true Force in existence, the real Cause of every effect in the Universe. All the motives of the human heart may be reduced to one general motive, which is the power of God impressed on the mind of man. All our inclinations, then, seek the accomplishment of the divine purposes; so that at the bottom of our nature lies the sympathy with its Creator, the love of God. All the so-called forces of nature are but particular determinations of the Power of the Almighty, which He exerts in every change which takes place, — exerts, even though there be no change, in a constant act of creation, to hold the universe which He has formed in being.

"The 'Search after Truth,'" says Fontenelle, "is full of God."† This is what makes Malebranche's position a marked one in the history of philosophy. It is not for originality of genius that he is to be admired, or for that comprehensiveness of view which sees at a glance the true grouping of irregular and distant facts, or for that force of thought which breaks its way,

* The words "understanding" and "reason" are used in this article as synonymous with "intellect."

† *Eloge du Père Malebranche.*

through the tangled briers of paradox which have been suffered to spring up around philosophy, to the truth which still lives within, as beautiful and young as ever, though she have slumbered for a hundred years. Those whose only notion of greatness is compounded of such qualities as these will be disappointed in him. He was, indeed, strictly a metaphysician, a profound metaphysician, — some will say the greatest that France has ever yielded. To his own age he stood for a creative force in philosophy. Men measured him with Descartes and declared that he had outdone him. But, as we look back on the two men, we are inclined to contrast rather than liken them; for, if we compare them with reference to what makes them each individual, Malebranche becomes in a manner the complement of Descartes. Descartes's greatness was shown in the wonderful plan of thought which he constructed. Malebranche could not have made such a plan. He accepted it when it was made, because he saw the truth of its principle; and *his* genius made itself manifest in the sublime use which he made of that principle, the heaven-looking spirit with which he glorified the plan, when he thought he was only working it out. Instead of seeking a new hill-top from which he could look off on the world, he climbed up to that on which Descartes had taken his place; but from it he beheld something grander than a universe complete in its own perfection, something unbounded by the broad horizon of Creation; and, seemingly without the consciousness that he saw more than his master had seen from the same spot, he veiled his eyes before the glory of God, shining through the works of His hands, as through the open windows of Heaven, and transfiguring Nature with the halo of His presence.

It is plain from this that we cannot understand the bearing of Malebranche's philosophy till we have first called to mind the place which Descartes fills in the history of human thought and those features of his system which give it its character. Now, Descartes is one of the heroes in the history of philosophy, — one of those original nuclei round which the thought of the world has crystallized. Jouffroy says that "the 'Discourse on Method' is the preface to modern philosophy, and the 'Meditations' the first chapter."* No other thinker, not even Bacon, can so properly

* *Mélanges Philosophiques*, p. 188.

be called the master-mind in the later philosophy. To that name Descartes is fairly entitled, first, because his investigations, whatever we may think of their results, have certainly placed the world on a higher and broader platform than that which it stood on before, and also, and perhaps chiefly, because he is, in point of historical fact, the true father of modern rational metaphysics. In the great reformation in philosophy which followed the revival of letters, no man can claim to have had so large a share as he. He inaugurated the new era and breathed the spirit of life into the nostrils of inquiry.

During the Middle Ages, philosophy, like literature, found shelter in the monasteries; but it was cherished there more out of vanity, or, at best, reverence, than from appreciation or love. The schoolmen seized the subjects of their disputes with a grasp which was as powerful, or, if I may make such a distinction, as forcible, as any; but they can have but little credit for depth, freshness, or breadth of thought. In their hands, philosophy, no longer an earnest search after truth, became a matter of curious subtlety. We cannot be too thankful to them that they preserved the forms of intellectual life at a time when eloquence and poetry were forgotten, and wisdom cried in the streets and no man regarded her; but when the re-action came, and mankind at last looked up from the earth and remembered their spiritual nature, the tongues of Greece and Rome had become dead languages, and the truths which were once quick with life on the lips of Aristotle had shrivelled into a stiff and bloodless system.

Before the time of Descartes, there were many signs of the coming revolution. More than one bold and earnest thinker had struggled to free himself and others from the tyranny of the prevailing doctrines. But Descartes was the first man who united the loftiness of view to see over the ancient structure, the force to overthrow it, the depth to prove the rottenness of its foundations, and the genius to lay new ones in their place. Shocked with the narrowness of the schools and the bigotry with which they clung to dogmas for which they pleaded the authority of ages and great names, and not that of reason, he resolved to shut his eyes on all their hypotheses and rules, to set down for prejudices all that mankind supposed to be most certain, and prepare to undertake an entirely new investigation into truth by going back at once to the neutral ground of universal doubt. From most of

his beliefs he found no difficulty in withholding his assent, at least in speculation; but there was one, his own actual existence as a thinking being (and by the word *thought* he meant to cover all the operations and states of the soul) which he found it impossible so much as to question, even in speculation. *Cogito, ergo sum*, was a proposition which he was not only forced to believe, but he could not conceive the contrary. Its acceptance, then, as truth in his philosophy was a necessity, — a necessity, not logical, but absolute, for it rested not on belief, but on knowledge.

Now, here, in this very beginning of Descartes's philosophy, we see the germ of the distinction on which he afterwards insisted so strongly between mind and matter. Of the one he was conscious, as essentially a thinking being; the other he conceived, as essentially an extended being. Hence the study of mind was to be pursued by reflection on mind itself; and the study of matter by reflection, not on matter itself, since matter is wholly out of the sphere of being within which Reflection is confined, but on our *clear conception* of matter.

This brings us at once on Descartes's second great step, or rather it supposes it. Granting for the moment the existence of matter, the study of matter is to be carried on, it seems, by reflection on the clear conception which we have of it. But why so? How is reflection on our clear conception of matter to lead us to the truth with regard to matter? Because, says Descartes, in the clearness of our conceptions lies the test of truth.

We must remember that at this stage of his progress he had admitted nothing but the proposition *Cogito, ergo sum*, which he did not doubt only because he could not doubt it; and, before he could discover any truth beyond this, he must put to himself the question, How recognize the truth when I meet with it? or, in other words, In what does its evidence consist? Clearly not in certainty. If so, his philosophy was at an end; for he had already satisfied himself that he was certain of nothing but his own thinking being. The knowledge of his ideas, however, participated in this certainty; and he was conscious that, when he contemplated them, some seemed to be connected with others, so as to be in a manner included in them; and as, by an effort of attention, he brought these ideas into distincter relief, he found himself moved more and more forcibly, and at last irresistibly, to believe that this connection was a necessary one. Hence the evidence of a propo-

sition was to be placed in the clearness of his conception of it; that is, in the clearness with which he conceived the relation of the terms when he formed a clear conception of the terms themselves.

Thus Matter, or the Extended, he could think of, conceive indistinctly, without coming to any conclusion as to its attributes; but he could not conceive it clearly without at the same time conceiving it with equal clearness as impenetrable, divisible, and figured. If, then, his philosophy recognized Matter at all, it must recognize it with these qualities; for the moment he came to reason about Matter, that is to say, about his clear conception of Matter (and about clear conceptions alone he ought to reason), he was forced by the necessity of his nature to reason about his clear conception of it as impenetrable, divisible, and figured. This necessity he could not resist; and he could evade it only by refusing to have any thing to do with his conception of Matter, or, at most, by accepting it as an unmeaning fact and studiously turning his attention away from what it must include in his mind. But to take either of these courses would be to destroy the possibility of philosophy; for it is plain that we are not in the way to understand the nature of things, if we wilfully shut our eyes on those truths which we already know, or if, acknowledging those truths, we hold out against the importunity of beliefs which, and which only, they bring along with them.

Assuredly Descartes did not mean to say, as some appear to imagine, that whatever has a place in the world of thought must have something corresponding to it in the world of being. I know he has been charged with passing from one extreme of belief to the other in his philosophy; but nobody, so far as I know, has accused him of making the transition so instantaneously that, while Universal Doubt was his first step, Universal Credulity was his second. All he meant by his criterion of truth is that whatever we cannot separate from our clear conceptions we must not try to separate from them when we reason about those conceptions; which is as much as saying that we must accept our nature as it is and build our philosophy up in conformity with the laws of our understanding, since we cannot go out of our nature or reason contrary to our understanding.

Here, then, we have the two premises from which Descartes drew his philosophy, — the one accepted as beyond doubt, because

the contrary is beyond thought; the other accepted as beyond doubt, because the contrary is beyond belief. In the special form in which he stated them, they show already what the tendency of his genius was, and what the character of his philosophy would be, putting it at once on the basis of Reflection, and not on that of Observation. But, at bottom, they express principles which, in some shape or other, must underlie all philosophy, Empirical as well as Rational, even of those who decry them most bitterly.

Descartes's celebrated argument for the being of God was his first movement towards a positive philosophical system. I state it here, not only for its being an admirable illustration of the manner in which he used his test of truth in order to pass out of the state of universal doubt, but also because it throws, as it seems to me, a very strong light on the connexion between his philosophy and that of Malebranche. Indeed, the analogy is so striking between the principle involved in this argument and that embodied in the "Search after Truth" and the "Dialogues on Metaphysics," that I cannot help believing that, in point of fact, it was the former which led to the latter in Malebranche's own mind.

Of the several forms in which Descartes put his argument, I choose that which suits my purpose best. When I consider that I am, I am conscious, not only of my own individual being, but of the conception of being in general; that is to say, of being without restriction, the infinite; that is to say, of God, or of His essence. For what we mean by God is *He who is*, absolutely without limitation as to *how* He is. In other words, *I am*; hence *There is*; which is as much as saying, *God is*.

But observe, the only one of these propositions which I know is that *I am*. I only know that *There is*, in so far as general being is realized in my being; and, in fact, it may be no broader than my being. Of general being in itself I only have a conception, and therefore only a conception of God's being. If, however, the knowledge of my conception of infinite being in the abstract, of God's existence as a possibility, must include in my mind, when I behold it fixedly, the belief in the reality of infinite being in the concrete, in God's existence as a fact, then the criterion of truth forces me to set it down as a fact in my philosophy that God is. Now, this is what Descartes maintained; and here lies the point of the argument, and the principle which suggested Malebranche's peculiar doctrines.

According to Descartes, what I have called the conception of God is not a true conception, — that is, an operation originating in ourselves, — since the finite cannot represent to itself the infinite; but it must be caused by the infinite without, revealing itself to the finite. Mark the language of Malebranche: "We can see a circle, a house, a sun, though they do not exist; for all things that are finite can be seen in the infinite, which includes the intelligible ideas of them. But the infinite can be seen only in itself; for nothing finite can represent the infinite. If we think of God, it must be that He is. Such a being [that is, a special being, *un tel être*] though known, need not exist. We may see its essence without its existence, its idea without itself. But we cannot see the essence of the infinite without its existence, the idea of being without being; for Being has no idea which represents it. It has no archetype which contains all its intelligible reality. It is archetype to itself; and it contains within itself the archetypes of all beings." *

Our knowledge of God, then, is not indirect, through a conception of Him, but immediate. We are conscious of Him, as we are of ourselves or of our own conceptions. But he includes, says Malebranche (and this is no doubtful deduction from Descartes's system, but a corollary rather than a consequence of it), he includes the archetypes of all the beings in the universe. But we know God as we do our own conceptions. Then the principle that teaches us to receive for truth all that is included in our conceptions forces us to acknowledge as a perfect representation of nature that which we find contained in God. In other words, we are united to God's mind as we are to our own, or as our bodies are to the world of matter, which is neither more nor less than the doctrine of Malebranche; and, if we have no other means of seeing what is without us, we may behold it by our consciousness of those conceptions which are the Divine Models on which the Universe was framed. Here, then, we have a cause which will explain all the phenomena of perception, and, in fact, all the phenomena of the understanding; and the law which forbids us to seek for more causes than are needful to account for an effect, — the Law of Parcimony, to speak technically, — is enough, if

* Entretiens sur la Métaphysique, Ent. ii. sect. 5.

there were nothing else, to convince us that this "sight in God" is the actual, as well as the possible, manner of our knowledge.*

But further: why is it that Descartes says that the finite cannot of itself conceive the infinite? Because the finite fills being only within certain limitations, but the infinite is being without limitation; and, though it be possible for the finite to represent to itself any form of being included in its own, it is impossible for it to represent to itself any form of being not included in its own, and still less that general being which embraces all the forms of being. The *me* cannot draw out of its own substance or reality the idea of the *not-me*.

Now, it is not the question, whether this principle is sound, nor whether it expresses the actual meaning of Descartes. I suppose it does not. I suppose that Descartes held that, as long as being is confined within any bounds, however wide, we can conceive it, — if not at first, at any rate by bringing it out into relief by a greater or less effort of attention, — but yet that, when these bounds are wholly taken away, and being becomes being unlimited, there is something peculiar about *infinity* which makes it absolutely inconceivable, as far above our thought as ever when we have tried to rise to it for a lifetime. Now, Malebranche saw, as the Anti-Cartesian sees, that this is a fallacy; from which the Anti-Cartesian argues that Descartes's reasoning is false; but Malebranche concluded that we can form no idea of any-thing which is outside of our own mode of being.

It is the common case of a conditional proposition in which one man affirms the antecedent and so infers the truth of the consequent, and another denies the consequent and so infers the falsity of the antecedent, while a third ignores the dependence of the parts. Granting that I can conceive myself, *if I can of myself conceive that whose essence includes, with or without a part of my essence, ANY-THING which is not contained in mine, then* (since there is no point at which I can stop, and say that beyond that I will not go) I can of myself conceive that whose essence includes, together with the whole of my essence, *all that is not contained in mine; that is, I can of myself conceive THE INFI-*

* "Not only is it very reasonable, but it appears moreover from the economy of all nature, that God never does in very difficult ways what can be done in very simple and easy ways; for God can do nothing uselessly and without reason." — *Recherche de la Vérité*, liv. iii. part. ii. chap. 6.

NITE. Descartes did not acknowledge this; the Anti-Cartesian, assuming that we can of our own force represent to ourselves finite objects different in nature from ourselves, contends therefore that we can of our own force represent to ourselves the infinite; Malebranche again, full in the faith of his master's famous argument, and blinded by the *incomprehensibility* of the infinite, would not have it that it is *conceivable*, unless it be revealed, and so was driven to the conclusion that the finite (if of a nature distinct from ours) is inconceivable, unless it be revealed. But, somehow or other, we do conceive the finite, though of a nature distinct from ours, — or, at least, we conceive it *as* of a nature distinct from ours; and we have agreed long ago that our conceptions, whether faithful to truth or not, are the only representations of it we have, and therefore the truth for us. It follows, then, that our knowledge of what is of a nature distinct from ours must come from the consciousness of something which is without ourselves, and which we do not form from our own substance.

Now, what is this something? Is it the object itself? Are we conscious of matter when we conceive it? Surely not, reasoned Malebranche. If matter is so different from us that we cannot think of it by the force of our own nature, much less can we *know* it by the force of our own nature. The worlds of mind and matter touch nowhere; and that which acts in the one does not act in the other. Consciousness can no more grasp matter than gravitation can weigh down the spirit. That something, then, of which I am conscious when I conceive matter, must be of an essence so general as to include both the essence of matter, since otherwise I could not, by consciousness of it, conceive matter, and also the essence of mind, since otherwise I could not be conscious of it at all. But the essence of matter and that of mind fill the whole range of being; and that whose essence contains them both can be no other than Absolute Being, no other than God.

There is a passage in Cousin's "History of Philosophy in the Eighteenth Century," which, though it refers to a different subject, suggests to me another form of the Cartesian argument, which I am not sure that Descartes himself would have owned, though it is in harmony with the spirit of his philosophy, and there are indications of something very like it in the writings of

Malebranche. This view of the great Cartesian proof brings us, like the other, upon the philosophy of Malebranche; but it leads us to it from a different side, where we see it no longer in its logical dependence on the system of Descartes, but in its analogical harmony with it.

The passage I speak of is as follows: "It is an unquestionable fact, that, when you speak of *book in general*, you do not connect with the idea of book that of a real existence. On the contrary, I ask, if, when you speak of *space in general*, you do not add to this idea a belief in the reality of space? I ask if it is with space as with book; if you believe, for instance, that there are, without you, nothing but particular spaces, that there is not a universal space, capable of embracing all possible bodies, a space one and the same with itself, of which different particular spaces are nothing but arbitrary portions and measures? It is certain, that, when you speak of *space*, you have the conviction that out of yourself there is something which is space; as also, when you speak of *time*, you have the conviction that there is out of yourself something which is time, although you know neither the nature of time nor of space. Different times and different spaces are not the constituent elements of space and time; time and space are not solely for you the collection of different times and different spaces. But you believe that time and space are in themselves, that it is not two or three spaces, two or three ages, which constitute space and time; for every thing derived from experience, whether in respect to space or to time, is finite, and the characteristic of space and of time for you is to be infinite, without beginning and without end. Time resolves itself into eternity, and space into immensity." *

To translate this into a little different form of words. Matter is extended, hence the conception of space; but not only the conception of space is; I believe, at the same time, that actual Space is, and was before matter was created. Matter is, and it is in Space; but, if it were not, Space still would be. So, I am, hence the conception of being; but not only the conception of being is; actual Being, *the* Being, is, and was before I or any other particular being was. Particular beings are, and they are

* Elements of Psychology, translated by C. S. Henry, chap. v. (Histoire de la Philosophie du XVIII^e Siècle, Leçon 20.)

in this Being; but, if they were not, the Being still would be. Now, this Being is God; for to be is God's essence.

Here, then, as before, we rest on the premise that, when we conceive the infinite in the abstract, whether it be infinite space or infinite being, we are forced to believe in its reality in the concrete. The difference, however, between this form of the argument and the other is that the principle is stated no longer as a metaphysical necessity of human nature, but as a positive fact of belief; not on the ground that, according to our conception of the finite, it cannot form out of its own substance the idea of the infinite, but because, when we have the idea of the infinite, we actually and invariably believe that it has an infinite corresponding to it out of ourselves. In both cases, we trace our way back at last to laws, or pretended laws, of the mind; but I do not think that the narrower can be generalized into the broader.

Here is the law which is now brought to our notice: — Every ultimate general conception is accompanied with a belief in some infinite reality which embodies that conception and contains within itself every expression of it, as space contains matter, and time contains change. When I think of the shape of a body, I form the general conception of shape; but I do not conceive the reality of shape in general, because the general conception of shape resolves itself into another general conception, that of extension. Shape in general is but a form of extension in general. The conception of extension is, however, ultimate. Extension is, to be sure, a form of being; but, then, the mind separates it from being. We cannot think of shape without thinking of extension. Shape implies extension even in idea; but, though extension implies being in fact, in idea it does not; and it is of the idea, the general conception, that we are speaking. Here, then, we have an ultimate idea, that of extension; and, in accordance with the law just now stated, we cannot entertain it without at the same time believing in the existence of something which represents and realizes this idea in all the fulness of its generality and contains within itself every substance the essence of which is extension. In other words, the conception of space as an abstraction is the occasion of bringing before the actual consciousness the hidden notion with which we were born, and with which we must live, of space as a reality. So, when we have formed the absolutely unresolvable idea of being, it brings along with it, by the same law,

the belief in the reality of something without us that is Being, and which embraces in its own existence every form of being that is, or that can be imagined, from that which is hardly recognized in a speck of lifeless matter to the unfathomable depths of the nature of Man; — and that something is God.

Now, this same principle Malebranche applies to the mind. Mind thinks; hence the idea of thought, or of the capacity of thought. But this idea is one which can be resolved into no other; and, for that reason, it forces on us the conviction, or opens the eyes of our consciousness to the *a priori* notion (however we may phrase it), of an actual capacity of thought of infinite variety and depth, a Universal Mind. This Universal Mind was before one of our individual minds was, and would be, unchanged, though they were not. In it our minds move and grow and think, as our bodies move and grow and have solidity in space. Destroy it, and you destroy the capacity of thought and with it every trace of mind, whose essence is thought, as surely as matter would fall to nothing if space should shrink into a point. Now, this Universal Mind, what is it but the Mind of God, the abode of spirits, as immensity is the abode of worlds?

I have thus chosen one of the doctrines of Malebranche, — that our minds are united to God's mind, as our bodies are to space, and by that union are capable of understanding, — as representative of his whole view of truth. I have begun, where he began, with the system of Descartes, and tried to show how it unfolded itself in the mind of one whose philosophy was as full of poetry and religion as of reason. Descartes looked up to God as the Framer and Ruler of the Universe; his philosophy rested on his belief in His being and perfection; but his acknowledgment of Him was the acknowledgment of the understanding. He did not *feel* Him wherever he turned, in the forces of matter, the life of plants and animals, in the earth, and in the sky; and, what is most to the purpose, he did not feel Him in his own mind. He burst open the dark and narrow prison where Thought lay, chained, and neglected by her keepers, and led her forth into the fresh air and the undimmed sunlight; and there he learned from her that long-unpractised wisdom, how to understand the harmonious order of Creation, as she pointed it out, with man at its head, — "the beauty of the world, the paragon of animals." But Malebranche, following in their footsteps and listening only to their discourse,

heard something more than the lessons of truth from the lips of the common teacher; for, in the tone in which that truth was spoken, an influence thrilled his ear, too deep for the utterance of man or of angel, which betrayed to him the still, but awful, voice of God, speaking to man in the secrecy of the Reason.

Malebranche was attacked just where he was strongest. Though the very genius of his philosophy is its religion, he was charged with infidelity, and with that form of it which is often the most to be feared, because the most insidious, — I mean Pantheism.

That we see all things in God, said Malebranche's assailants, implies, not only that we are in God, an error we might pardon, since God is a Spirit, but also that the world is in God, which is monstrous, for then God would be matter. If all things that we see and all of which we are conscious are but determinations, modes, of God, then what follows but that the Universe is only God, and God only the Universe?

But, in the first place, this does not follow; and in the second place, if it did, it would be a consequence of Descartes's principle, and not of the analogous doctrine of Malebranche. It was Descartes who defined God as the Universal Being, containing in His own essence the elements of every finite being; and if this doctrine brings Pantheism along with it, and any philosopher who held the doctrine is to be answerable for consequences which he did not acknowledge, then it is Descartes, and not Malebranche, whom we must arraign. Or if, on the other hand, though Cartesianism do not imply Pantheism, any philosopher is answerable who held it as if it did, again we must pass over Malebranche and make our attack on Spinoza.

But it does not follow, because the Infinite Being includes within Himself all finite beings, that therefore he is nothing but the collection of those beings, or that they make any, even the smallest, part of Him. God is not the Universe; He is correlative to the Universe, as Space is correlative to Matter. Matter supposes Space, and the Universe supposes God; there could be no Matter, there could be no Universe, without Space and God. But we cannot say, on the other hand, that there could be no Space and no God without Matter and the Universe; so far from it, they would have been the same, though no particle of Matter, no creature in the Universe, had ever been. Matter is, indeed, *in Space*; but it is not *Space itself*, it is not even *of it*. It shares its nature and

thereby is what it is; but all the matter in the Universe does not swallow up that nature and so become Space. Now, as with Extension, so with Being. Listen to Malebranche: "All particular beings partake of being; but no particular being equals it. Being includes all things; but all created and possible beings, with all their multiplicity, cannot fill the vast extent of Being" *

But, though we must acquit Malebranche of the charge of Pantheism proper, he cannot shake off so easily the imputation of a belief which is not precisely the same with Pantheism, though it naturally, but not, I think, necessarily, falls over into it, and resembles it in leading to Atheism. He seems to have denied the Liberty of the Will; and the compound of Cartesianism and Necessity is Spinozism.

I know it is sometimes said that Spinoza's reduction of God and the Universe to Substance and its Attributes amounts, in itself, to Pantheism. But surely it cannot be meant that the attributes make up the substance. The very word *substance* implies something which underlies the attributes, which is independent of them, and whose existence is unconnected with that of any other being whatever. There is a quibble which may be used here to mislead us. When we compare the Infinite with the finite, it may be said, we do not compare the substance of the Infinite with the modes of the finite, the limitations which make it finite, but with the finite itself, its substance. But as there is, according to Spinoza, but one substance, when we compare the Infinite with the finite, God with His creatures, we find ourselves measuring the whole of this substance with a part of it.

But this is begging the question. It is not the *forms* of the Universe which are the forms of God's substance, it is the Universe *itself*. What we mean, when we say there is but one substance, is, not that all the substances in the Universe can be united into one, but there is something beneath them of which they are but phenomena. They are truly substances only among themselves. Mind is a substance when compared with Matter, because Mind and Matter are independent of each other, and the annihilation of one would not affect the existence of the other. But it is not a substance when compared with God; for it is only in Him, and, if He should cease to be, it would vanish, as

* Entretiens sur la Métaphysique, Ent. ii. sect. 4.

the light would vanish, if the Sun should be struck from our system.

It seems, then, that this part of Spinoza's philosophy, which makes God the only substance, and the Universe His form or attributes, is nothing more than a logical consequence from Cartesianism, and that it has nothing to do with Pantheism. In the belief of the Pantheist, God is only the aggregate of all things; but, according to the Cartesian Theist, He is all things and one at the same time.

Nor, again, have we any right to say that this doctrine in Spinoza's philosophy is Atheism, because it makes God a substance, and a substance is passive. It would be as reasonable to say that, as a substance is something solid, whoever has called Mind a substance must have meant to identify it with Matter. If we undertake to talk with philosophers, we must understand their language according to their own dictionary, in which the word *Substance* is synonymous neither with *Matter* nor with *Thing*, but with *Independent Being*. Spinoza did indeed, besides making God a substance, suppose that in the nature of that substance original force, voluntary activity, forms no part; and this is the principle of Atheism. For the capacity in question, the power to act or not to act, the freedom of the will, is the essence of personality; and an impersonal God is no God.

And now we come to the most plausible charge against Malebranche. It is maintained that he teaches a doctrine in his writings which, it must be acknowledged, would, if unfolded according to the Cartesian principle, carry him over without power of resistance into the ranks of the Spinozists. Avowedly, he believed in the free nature of man; but it is insisted that he believed it in such a sense as to make the doctrine wholly unmeaning, bringing the liberty of the will to nothing more than the liberty of yielding to nature, but not of withstanding it; which is no liberty at all.

"Not only bodies," says he, "cannot be true causes of any thing whatever, the noblest spirits are alike powerless. They can know nothing, if God does not enlighten them. They can feel nothing, if God does not modify them. They are capable of willing nothing, if God does not move them towards good in general, that is to say, towards Himself. They can determine the impression which God gives them for Him towards other objects

than Him, I confess, but I do not know whether this can be called power. If ability (*pouvoir*) to sin is a power (*puissance*), it must be a power which the All-Powerful has not, says St. Augustine somewhere. If men held of themselves the power of loving good, it might be said that they had some power; but men can love, only because God wills that they love, and because His will is efficacious. Men can love, only because God urges them incessantly towards good in general, that is, towards Himself; for God, having created them only for Himself, never preserves them without turning and urging them towards Himself. It is not they who move themselves towards good in general, it is God who moves them. They only, by an entirely free choice, follow this impression according to the law of God, or they determine it towards false goods according to the law of the flesh; but they can determine it only by the prospect of good, for, being able to do only what God makes them do, they can love nothing but good." *

Now, of course, this passage, taken in itself, makes out a clear case against Malebranche. This "entirely free choice" "to do only what God makes us do," to yield to motives to which we must yield, whether we choose or not, has nothing "free" in it at all; or its only liberty is that of obeying necessity either as active beings or as passive ones. The question is not whether we can help desiring what it is our nature to desire. Everybody grants that we have bearing on us certain tendencies, or, better, one general tendency, which, if there is nothing to resist it, must carry us in a certain direction; and the question between Free-Will and Necessity is, whether there is any thing to resist this tendency; whether we can oppose to it another tendency, the creature of our own will; whether, in short, we are mere spiritual contrivances, worked by a crank, or active forces, giving birth to motion within. And on this question, to judge from the passage just quoted, Malebranche seems to side with the Necessarians.†

* Recherche de la Vérité, liv. vi. part. ii. chap. 3.

† The extract given above, full of inextricable confusion as it is, seems to contain the doctrine of Necessity more decidedly than any other I have met with in the writings of Malebranche. Great caution is needed in fixing the attitude of philosophers towards the question of Free-Will, on account of the vague conceptions which they have so often had of the question and of its terms. The form in which it presented itself to Malebranche was this: Is

Now, the mixture of Necessity and Cartesianism, as I have said, when thoroughly and logically made, is the philosophy of Spinoza. God, according to Descartes, is that which includes in its own individual, infinite being all that is in all the various

man a *cause*? or, otherwise put: Is man's action begotten of any thing in him that can be called *power*, or is it, like the motion of a stone, the result of an impulse issuing from a power above him, to which he is necessarily subject? But here he made the mistake of analyzing his action, not in its birth within, but in its last and mixed stage, the physical manifestation, which man is incompetent to produce. Hence most of his seemingly explicit statements of Necessity do not, in truth, touch the point at issue. What language, for example, could sound stronger than the following? — "There is a contradiction in saying that one body can move another. I go farther: there is a contradiction in saying that you can move your chair. That is not enough: there is a contradiction in saying that all angels and demons put together can stir a mote." — *Entretiens sur la Métaphysique*, Ent. xii. sect. 10. Yet the context shows that the whole force of this passage is to deny the possibility of our accomplishing any thing in the world without. This is to limit the reach, but not to throw doubt on the existence, of a power inherent to the soul; since our evidence of such a power consists, not in the observation of effects, but in the consciousness of effort. The lifting of my arm is a physical fact. It does not then follow volition immediately, but is the last term in a train of physical causes and effects set in motion in the brain, which depend for their sequence and for their origin on the forces of nature; that is, on the Will of God. But, in order to trace the action to its beginning, we must go behind its physical element to the moving of the mind. Here is an operation which I recognize as a genuine act of power, coming out from me as first cause. But, as only self-conscious agents can be self-moving, since motion, whether sensible or moral, requires an effort, — that is, a conscious putting-forth of power, — this effect cannot itself become a true cause of its series of consequents. Nor, on the other hand, can I, out of any force of mine, work through it and control what is beyond it; for this would be to impute to me the power of originating action, not only in myself, but in the effect which I produce, and of creating in it a capacity of taking the place of a cause to a subsequent effect; and so on indefinitely. Thus all that follows the determination of the mind comes from the Will of God, which accepts my inward act as the occasion of its exercise; and His action, which we call the operation of nature, being, though free, invariable under like conditions, stands to me in the relation of instrument. This makes my will efficient; but it does not, as instrument, make it to exist; for, though I could do nothing without it, I could still try; and to try is the essence and the evidence of power. Paralysis destroys action, but not by killing the energy of the soul.

The passage quoted in the text, however, is one of the few on this subject in which Malebranche consults the facts of the mind. It will be seen that here also the question is concerning *power*, the discussion turning on the *nature* of the Liberty of the Will, and not on its *existence*. The explanation of this is to be found in his definitions of Liberty and Will. The latter word he uses, in one of its common senses, for that principle of the soul which is

finite beings. If, then, we have no knowledge of personal power in the finite, we have no ground for inferring it in the Infinite. But we can only know personal power in ourselves. Motion we see; Tendency we feel; but Force we neither see, feel, hear, taste, nor smell; and, if we are not conscious of it, we do not know it at all. The idea of force must be set down for a fiction of the imagination, a monstrous mistake, into which artificial philosophy and unthinking ignorance have conspired to lead the world; and, for aught we know or have the slightest reason for supposing, God Himself is utterly without power, not a creative person, but a wonderful and curiously adjusted machine, — self-conscious, to be sure, but none the less a machine for that. Truly speaking, as the poet says, "There is no God;" and the "Spirit of Nature" is the "all-sufficing power."*

the basis, sum, or type of all our instinctive tendencies, or, in his own language, "the natural impression or movement which carries us towards undetermined and general good;" and by Liberty he means "the force which the mind has to turn this impression towards the objects which please us and thus to make our natural inclinations to be determined towards some particular object." Liberty, according to this definition, which cannot have been framed under the light of the Cartesian doctrine of "Clear Ideas," he allows to the Will, but hesitatingly concludes that it implies only natural ability, and not moral power, an opinion, however, which is ratified with emphasis in the assertion that we can determine our will "only by the prospect of good." This doctrine seems to decide the position of Malebranche; for none but a Necessarian believes that the influence of motives on man's action is of the nature of a constraint on his power. We *can* act without motive, or in defiance of all motive; and if it were proved that, in fact, we never *do*, this would not be because we are not free, but because we are reasonable.

On the whole, I incline to think that Malebranche's doubtful leanings towards Necessity consist in the overlooking of the fact of human causation, rather than in the denial of it. Moral accountability he certainly maintained; and the direct evidence of consciousness he seems to have admitted, as far as he attended to it; but, as the mystical quotation from St. Augustine goes to show, he vaguely fancied that it could be explained without resorting to a doctrine which he was loath to accept, because it seemed, but only seemed, to clash with his general philosophy. (Compare particularly "Recherche de la Vérité," liv. i. chap. 1, sect. 2, which contains the definitions of Will and of Liberty; also "Méditations Métaphysiques," first published in 1841, X^e Méd., which, if authentic, confirms this view.)

* "If man has not been given as a voluntary and free cause, but as a powerless desire and an imperfect and finite thought, God, or the supreme model of humanity, can be only a substance, and not a cause, the perfect, infinite, necessary being, the unchangeable substance of the universe, and not its productive and creative cause." — Cousin's "*Histoire de la Philosophie du Dix-huitième Siècle*," Leçon 2. This argument, which is treated in the text as conclusive, is open to objection on Cartesian principles.

But though Malebranche was a Cartesian, though the passage I have cited states the doctrine of Necessity, and though Cartesianism and Necessity in combination make Spinozism, nevertheless Malebranche was no Spinozist; for, though his philosophy embraced the two elements of Spinoza's, it did not combine them. It may be doubted very seriously, whether, on the whole, Malebranche held the doctrine of Necessity as decidedly as the extract quoted above makes it appear; but, waiving that objection, it is certain that he never mixed it with the Cartesian principle in his own mind. So far from that, he insists everywhere most explicitly on the absolute free-agency of God. It is, indeed, *because* he insisted on God's absolute free-agency, because he looked exclusively at Him as the first and only true Cause in the Universe, and at what men call natural causes, as only the occasions of His action, that he would not even have it, that man, who is nearest to God of all His creatures, can be a real cause, originating change by his own force. Surely, then, it is foolish sophistry to pretend that this philosopher was, in the first place, so firmly convinced of the infinite power of God as not to allow any finite power to man, and, then, that the necessity of man's nature could ever have led him to believe in the fatalism of God's. Are we not, on the other hand, forced to conclude that, if Malebranche had seen the connexion between Necessity and Atheism, he would have reconciled his inconsistent philosophy by giving up, not the Omnipotence of God, which is the *datum* from which he began, but the Powerlessness of Man, which is only the illogical consequence to which that *datum* seemed to lead?

The advocate of Malebranche, then, is not driven to the necessity of pleading the principle of criticism, now everywhere acknowledged, that a writer is to be judged by what he says, and not by what we think, in the face of his disavowal, that he implies. That ground would be strong enough; but Malebranche stands on stronger. For not only is it matter of fact that he denied Atheism, but it is beyond a doubt that, rather than go over to it, he would have abandoned Necessity. In fact, Malebranche's belief in Necessity comes from his blindness to the expansive power of his own system. The fault is not in his principle, but in his neglect to follow his principle thoroughly out. Is it not strictly in harmony with his philosophy to suppose that, though God is the realization of Absolute Power, certain of his creatures, whom He

has chosen to make in His image, and on whom He has bestowed the gift of a free-will, making them persons and not things, dwell, by virtue of that capacity, in His Omnipotence? With this theory, is the power that is in us less ours and distinct from God's than the minds we think with are ours and separate, though they inhabit God's? and is this denying His Almightyness any more than it is to destroy the infinity of His Mind to say that we have minds too?

Our force is ours; and it is so because God gives it to us. But, if its amount were a thousand times what it is, it would be as nothing in its effect, if it did not rest on the Infinite Power of God. For force is the same, whether it act in the Spiritual World or in the Physical; and as he who dreamed of moving the earth, would, without a point to stand on, have wasted the strength of the mightiest enginery in re-action on itself, so man would find his personal power a useless gift, if it were not sustained by the immovable purchase of Omnipotence.

In truth, this view of the Will, which clears away the cloud of inconsistency from the philosophy of Malebranche, is the one thing which is needful to make it sublime. It raises it into an atmosphere in which it beholds God too visibly to deny Him or confound Him with His creation. The Universe is not God; and yet it cannot be without Him. It is God's shadow; or, rather, it is the copy of those figures which were traced in the Divine Thought before the world began and are now thrown out on the curtain of His existence by the light of His creative power. The image which we see is no part of the lantern. Even the curtain is unchanged by it, though it wears a different aspect to our eyes. But, on the other hand, wipe the paintings from the glass, put out the light, or tear away the screen, and, in either case, the magic picture vanishes.

But the philosophy of Malebranche, when thus completed, does more than show us that there is a Creator and that He is not the Universe. It reveals to us an imperfect comprehension of what He is. It represents Him as the Perfect Man, the Archetype in whose likeness we are formed. As we have dominion within our own boundaries, our little bodies and meagrely expanded minds, so He is Master of His Infinite Capacities. His mind is that Universal Mind which holds in its all-embracing reach all that our minds are and all that they can become. His body is Space; and the

World of Matter, which to us seems an independent reality, is but His outward form, the posture which He takes, by the force of His Almighty Will, to reveal Himself, through the senses, to His intelligent creatures. By the rule and compasses, we may measure the outlines of our human features by each other; but no Geometry can compare the shape of the body with its substance, or, still less, with the Living Man who inhabits it. And God cannot be measured with the world; for all the sciences which the study of outward Nature has built up, telling us of the inhabitants of the sea and the air, of all that fills the depths of the earth, and of the "countless and unending orbs" which make the heavens glorious, features, every one, of the Divine Countenance, — nay, even those which pierce the deepest into the very being of our own souls, tracing the lineaments of the one Infinite Spirit, — are only Sciences of Form.

The surface, compared with the solid which it alone manifests to the eye, is in the ratio of zero to one; to the lines which shape it, it is as one to zero. And though the realms of nature are to our co-ordinated intellects infinite, and their reality substantial, yet God is so far above them, that to Him they become nothing, being as the surface, which makes no part of Him and is only by inhering in Him. The whole sum of being which God has created or, in His Omnipotence, can create, though immensity is but an item in the addition, dwindles to an atom before the higher infinity of God. With him, Space is but a point, and Eternity an instant. For, mathematically speaking, he is of the infinite order of infinity; or, as Malebranche exactly expresses it, "the infinitely infinite Infinite."

The nature of God does, indeed, take outward shape in the unnumbered forms of the Creation; but the forms themselves, — Extension, Duration, Thought, — boundless though they are in their reach, cannot, either singly or all together, widen and swell into the Universality of Being. For Being, as our very language, that vast storehouse of philosophy, may teach us, lies beneath every attribute of the universe; it is the necessary link, the *copula*, which binds the predicate to the subject, the essence to the substance. Without it, both the elements of speech and the elements of nature would fall apart for ever. Yet, in itself, it says nothing, because it stands for no distinct order of Nature, but comprehends, in a word, all orders and all varieties. To

affirm it, then, of any thing in the Creation is but to refer the finite to the infinite. God alone has uttered every thing, when He has said, I AM.

But while the principle of Malebranche, when completely unfolded, ennobles Philosophy by leading her into the presence of God, it uplifts her to a higher groundwork of research by the sublime exaltation which it gives to Man. To represent the Creator as the perfect model of the creature is, not only to bring the Infinite up to the utmost verge which bounds the vision of the finite, but to raise the finite to where it shares the glory of the Infinite. Every thing which God has made does, indeed, reflect Him more or less completely. But we do not, like matter, partake of His nature merely because we have bodies fashioned by His hands. It is not even our highest boast that we have minds by which we are united to the Centre of all Thought. If there are spirits in the Universe (and some philosophers suppose that animals are such, that we are such in our dreams), spirits, self-conscious, but without free-will, if they ever rise to the thought of the Infinite, they may well feel their nature glorified by the sympathy of mind with mind. But to man alone, man, a creator in his little sphere, as the Almighty is in infinity, belongs that highest sympathy with God, alone perhaps to be called love, which Force feels with Force, Person with Person. And when we consider the frame of Nature, and the truths which Science is finding out every day, all showing us that the Universe was made to aid the growth of man up towards the stature of the Perfect in understanding, heart, and creative power, it may not be too daring to imagine, as at least one side of the truth, that God, though containing in Himself the perfect satisfaction of His own nature, in every respect in which such a nature can be satisfied in itself, yet laid the foundations of the world and ordered the courses of Nature, that He might no longer be alone, but might have some being by His side to love, His last and noblest creature, whom He would wrap in the bosom of His own personality and admit to dwell in the Holy of Holies in His Being.

J. M. P.

LITTLE HERBERT.

GATHER all his playthings up :
 We shall never see them more,
 From his dimpled, dainty hands,
 Wildly thrown about the floor.

He is weary of them all,
 Cares no more with them to play ;
 Leaving them, he hallows them :
 Lay them lovingly away.

He hath heard the words of blessing,
 Bidding little children " come : "
 Earthly love cannot detain him
 Longer from his heavenly home.

Fold his little snowy hands ;
 Lay them gently on his breast :
 Now he lieth still and calm, —
 Vision fair of perfect rest.

Bless him in his beauty there, —
 Bless his solemn slumber deep ;
 " God's beloved," early crowned
 With the mystic sign of " sleep." *

Oft we prayed that angels might
 Keep their watch about his bed :
 We can trust their vigils now ;
 They will guard our infant dead.

While the silence in the house
 Speaketh to us of our grief,
 We will thank our God, who gave
 Only for a season brief.

Mild and winning were his ways ;
 Very happy seemed he here ;
 Bright the sunshine that he brought
 With him from the upper sphere.

* " He giveth his beloved sleep."

One brief year he blest our home,
Filled our hearts with light and love,
Added to our lives a joy
That can never more remove.

All his grace and innocence
Hath increased our being's store:
What God giveth once is ours, —
Ours, with him, for evermore.

Now, a little hand is pointing
Heavenward, as we journey on:
May it guide us, and receive us
When our earthly work is done!

SALEM, April, 1856.

S. F. C.

THE NEW DISCUSSION OF THE ATONEMENT.

THE discussion of the doctrine of the atonement which has recently commenced, and seems likely to continue and extend, — marked as it is by some features quite different from those which have formerly characterized debates upon the same subject, — is a matter of no ordinary significance and interest. It is one of the signs, of which there are many, that the strict old lines of separation between the two great branches of the Congregational body of New England are beginning to relax, the exclusiveness of denominational feeling to relent; that a more amicable and generous spirit is at work on both sides; that a disposition is gaining ground to confer together, in a more friendly tone, upon the great doctrines of the gospel, — with a view, not so much to prove how widely we differ, as to see how nearly we can agree.

The time has come, perhaps, for the public expression and general action of the desire which has long been secretly stirring in earnest minds and generous hearts, in the ranks of both parties, to look together at the truths of Christianity, not as they lie in the creeds and catechisms of sects, but as they stand on the immortal pages of the Bible; not as they are embalmed in

the stereotyped phraseology of the theologians of a former age, but as they live and glow, and are for ever rising upon the world, in the luminous and expansive words which the Holy Ghost hath taught.

Conducted in the right temper; maintained with fairness and candor; influenced, not by the desire of a sectarian victory, but of elucidating the doctrines of the Scriptures, and extending and deepening their impression, — this new discussion cannot fail to be productive of the most happy results, not only in promoting a better understanding in a dogmatic point of view, but in fostering a more charitable and Christian spirit.

The remarks we propose to offer have a bearing upon the relations of the two divisions of the Congregational church to each other, in respect to the doctrine of the atonement, as well as upon what we consider to be the scriptural view of that doctrine itself. Inasmuch as they are suggested by no sectarian purpose, and are written in no discordant feeling, their influence, insignificant as it may be, will, at least, not be prejudicial to the growing harmony.

The real point on which the controversy between the Orthodox and Unitarians, regarding the atonement, has turned, and is turning, is the *vicarious or expiatory nature of the death of Christ*. That there is a perfect agreement amongst the former, in their views and statement of the doctrine of the atonement, is manifestly not the case; on the contrary, the differences of opinion are wide and marked. But, behind all these differences, there is an essential agreement on the point just mentioned. As to the question whether the atonement is limited or unlimited, conditional or unconditional, and with regard to the *how* and the *why* of its efficacy, their speculations may differ; but with reference to the fact that "*God appointed and accepted the sufferings of Christ instead of the punishment due to sinners against his law, and that, in consequence of this appointment and these sufferings, he forgives sins, and receives believers to his favor,*" there is, among them, virtually no variance.

But, whilst this article is a common bond of sympathy between the churches termed Orthodox, it is, as has been remarked, precisely the hinge of the dispute between them and the opposite school, however designated, as will be evident to any one who will examine the writings of the latter.

That there is a great diversity of opinion amongst these also, is

too obvious to require proof. We are not sure that there may not be positively less similarity between the views of some who call themselves Unitarians, and others who bear the same title, than there is between those of a portion of the Unitarians and a portion of the Orthodox party. The most esteemed Unitarian preachers, however, have agreed in attributing great efficacy to the death of Christ. They have spoken with profound reverence and tender earnestness of the Saviour's sufferings; they have referred to them often, with solemn and pathetic eloquence, in their addresses to the conscience and their appeals to the heart; they have represented the cross as the highest token of the divine love, and the brightest pledge of the divine forgiveness. Let any candid man read their discourses attentively, and he will do them the justice to admit that so much as this is true. What they have contended against is the doctrine of Christ's vicarious death, as it has been generally stated. Almost with one consent, they have opposed the common theory of his expiatory sacrifice.

But on what grounds, for what reasons, and with what motives, have they opposed this doctrine? It is a most important inquiry. Justice demands that it should be made; and, if it *were* made by Christians on the other side, I apprehend that they would derive from the investigation some considerations that would tend to mitigate their censure, if not to provoke their brotherly kindness.

Why have the most earnest and devout Unitarians opposed the commonly received doctrine of the vicarious atonement? Has it been from any feelings of opposition to the will or ways of God? Has it been from a disposition to reject or deny the Saviour? Has it been from any unwillingness to believe what the Scriptures evidently teach? Has it been from any immoral or irreligious condition of the heart? If so, then let them be visited with reproach: they deserve it. If so, let them be cut off, as brethren, from the sympathy of Christian believers: it is a just punishment. But if not so; if they have been influenced by no reasons, urged by no motives, discreditable either to the head or the heart, — then let them be dealt with more gently; then confer with them in a spirit of kindness; then bear with them, as with "brethren weak in the faith," and instruct them and reason with them out of the word.

What reasons have they themselves given for their opposition to the doctrine of the vicarious atonement? Hear them; examine

their writings. The reason they give is, an honest and reverential desire to vindicate and glorify the moral attributes of God, which, in their opinion, have been in danger of being tarnished in the view of men by the usual statement of the theory of expiation. (Whether the Orthodox doctrine of the atonement, as *actually held by the wisest and holiest of its advocates, and if carefully explained*, would or would not be justly amenable to this charge, is not material in this connection. The question is, Have our Unitarian brethren honestly *believed* that the vicarious system, as generally stated, has such a tendency?)

That such has been their sincere conviction, any one may discover from the *ground* on which they have often argued against it, as well as from the evident *earnestness* with which they have argued. They could not, for a moment, admit, in justice to the holy and righteous and merciful God, that he required to be propitiated by bloody sacrifices; nor, in justice to the Scriptures, that, rightly understood, they sanctioned this doctrine. They could not admit that He, of whom Jesus declared, "If ye forgive men their trespasses, your heavenly Father will also forgive your trespasses," would not, or could not, forgive his debtors till an equivalent had been paid him. They could not conceive that there was any variance between the attributes of justice and mercy in the divine bosom, with regard to the pardon of his sinful creatures, which an expedient must be contrived to reconcile. They could not conceive that God's vindictive justice was satisfied, or his wrath appeased, by wreaking itself upon his own beloved Son, as a victim, in lieu of transgressors. They could not, for a moment, accept or tolerate any theory which favored, or seemed to favor, any such conceptions of the character of the heavenly Father, or which *could be construed* so as to favor *any* conceptions derogatory to the moral attributes of Him who is "perfect in all his ways, who is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, who is good to all, and whose tender mercies are over all his works."

This is the main ground on which the most devout men of the Unitarian school have objected to the vicarious atonement. If such be the fact, and if they did this honestly and reverently, do they deserve to be denounced for it? Nay, is it not true that some of our Orthodox friends themselves have felt moved to modify and explain the statements of the atonement inscribed in the creeds of their churches, and current in their religious literature,

from a sense of the very danger which has been so earnestly exposed by writers on the other side? Have they not already relieved, and are they not continuing to relieve, their theological nomenclature of terms which have been found objectionable on this very ground? When the atonement is presented now in the discourses and discussions of some of the most learned and pious of their number, do we not notice, with unfeigned satisfaction, the absence or qualification of some of those phrases which used to jar with our sense of Jehovah's perfections, or had, at least, a questionable sound to the ear of our filial piety?

To what causes do *we* attribute this action on *their* part? Do we charge them with becoming ashamed of the offence of the cross; with growing worldly in spirit or proud in understanding; with diluting the pure doctrines of the New Testament to conciliate reason or philosophy; with falling away from the faith once delivered to the saints; or with being influenced by any motives which should justly make them objects of suspicion to the strictest of their sect? Not so. "Let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth," before it gives wind to any such aspersion. Their own characters, their Christian zeal and purity and laboriousness, are their impregnable armor against such accusations. Why, then, may not an equally bright manifestation of the same Christian virtues provide a shield for the characters of those good men in the Unitarian ranks, who, influenced by the same high purpose, have moved in the same direction, even though they may have moved too far? And ought it not to be considered also, on behalf of the latter, as some excuse for the extreme to which they have gone, that, when they first made their protest against the vicarious theory, almost the whole Christian world was arrayed against them, and the most objectionable forms of speech, now being generally revised, were pressed on all sides, as if they were the inspired and indispensable vehicles of the whole truth of the Bible on this subject, and of the very efficacy of redemption?

Let both sides be perfectly just to each other. We need not be afraid of justice. No party and no man ever lost an inch of ground or a particle of influence by being just. We all lose by the want of justice.

It would be a broad stride towards harmony of feeling, if not also towards unanimity of faith, if all Christians would bear in mind the fact, that there are certain axioms, or *first truths*, in

religion, which cannot be contradicted, or even seem to be contradicted, by any party or any system, without provoking opposition and protest. It is equally the duty of all and the interest of all that these first principles should be maintained intact and unobscured. Amongst such axioms are these: that God is good, is impartial, is infinite in justice, holiness, wisdom, and mercy; that he is the Father; that his government is paternal; that his very essence is love. All such as these are the Christian's *test truths*, by which all doctrines must and will be tried; against which, whatever doctrine or system contends cannot stand; against which, whatever doctrine is even supposed to clash will be, and ought to be, earnestly resisted by those who entertain this supposition; in accordance with which, every opinion that cannot be explained is destined to become obsolete, however prevalent in any age, or by whatever array of authorities supported.

A great deal of the discord amongst Christian sects is traceable to the jealous attachment with which what are regarded by the one party or the other as such first truths are adhered to and defended. No sect of Christians, in opposing another, intends to oppose Christianity itself, or any doctrine of Christianity itself, but only opinions which seem to militate against what it regards as fundamental axioms of religion. There can be no honest mind, in any Christian body, whose opposition to the system of any other would not cease, if it could be made to appear to him to harmonize with all the attributes of God, and not to contradict any of the clearly revealed doctrines of the Bible.

In saying this, we do not countenance the notion that men are not blameworthy for a partial and extravagant attachment to any one, or a few, of the first truths of religion, to the exclusion or neglect of others. We would not justify any ignorant or careless or prejudiced distortion of the glorious and perfect Christian system; nor find excuse for the wrong that is done to the character of God by exalting one class of his attributes at the expense of another, whether those thus elevated be the milder or the more severe. We simply wish, for the sake of justice and charity, to point attention to a fact which is often lost sight of by Christian disputants, that the true reason of their difference of opinion may arise from no unwillingness, in either party, to receive a Christian truth, but from the real or supposed inconsistency of the doctrine advanced, on the one side or the other, with some first principle of

religion, esteemed as certain and unquestionable as the very being of a God.

But justice is even-handed, and charity is impartial. If we have claimed their exercise towards one party, let us render them without stint to the other. And there are some of us, at least, whom it costs no effort to do this; who require no change of feeling or of attitude to bring us into the right position for the most friendly conference with our Christian brethren on the other side. It is no new conviction with us, neither is the avowal of it recent, that many Unitarian writers, in opposing what they have considered the erroneous and extreme theory of the vicarious atonement, have not done entire justice to the representations of the New Testament with regard to the necessity, the value, and the power, of Christ's sufferings and death. The views they have usually presented have fallen short of the fair weight and significance of the scriptural language. Set over against and compared with the powerful and suggestive words of the apostles and evangelists, we must conscientiously confess, we think their interpretations of them appear tame and feeble. Their deductions are too weak to sustain the pressure of those weighty sentences, too contracted and too cold to contain and respond to the fulness and the fervor of the language of inspiration.

We do not hesitate to say that our heart beats in unison with the great body of believers, in every age, who have regarded the doctrine of the redemption of the world by the sorrows and the cross of a Divine Redeemer as the central doctrine of Christianity; the only instrument that is powerful enough to convert and regenerate mankind; the very power of God unto salvation to every soul that believeth. We fully sympathize with, and we heartily honor, those who adhere to and maintain this doctrine in the very words and with the very feelings of the great apostle to the Gentiles, and of that disciple whom Jesus loved; who will not consent to enfeeble any hue with which they have colored it, to emasculate any strong term in which they have set it forth, to deaden any glow which animates their representation of it, to reduce any tone of exultation or wonder with which their language thrills. We would deal with the sacred records of our faith in the same way. We have the same profound reverence for the very language itself in which every important doctrine is clothed; yes, for every word, and for every image, metaphor, color, analogy, and

reference by which the Holy Ghost has revealed, suggested, or illustrated to the mind of man the thoughts of God, higher than our thoughts, his will and his ways, most merciful and most just. We cheerfully admit, that, concerning the divine method of redemption, nothing positive can be known, except on the authority of revelation, in connection with the history of its development, and the experience of its results in the hearts of those who have submitted themselves to its operation. We agree that it is not a subject which lies within the scope of unaided human reason. It is without the province of philosophy, and beyond the explorations of science. We believe that the inspired apostles declared concerning it the truth, and nothing but the truth, and the *whole* truth, so far as it is possible for the human mind to comprehend or human language to describe it. They meant to represent it as honestly as they did earnestly. Whatever degree of importance they attached to the death of Christ, it deserves to have. If we take the view of Paul and of John, we take the best view and the true view. If we receive the doctrine of the atonement precisely as it lay in their minds, and was cherished in their hearts, we receive it just as it ought to be received. If we teach it as they did, we teach it just as it ought to be taught. Their statement of it is never to be set aside; their views of it are never to be outgrown. Though new light may break forth upon the church, it will break forth *from* the sacred writings, and not aside from or against them. Advancing knowledge may enable us better to see and understand the truths they contain; but it will discover no new religious truth higher or deeper than they contain, or different from what they contain.

We do not, of course, suppose that there is any thing in the scriptural doctrine of reconciliation which is contrary to right reason, or to which reason, if fully informed, so as to be competent to make up a judgment, would object. We cannot believe, that, if rightly understood, the apostles teach any thing, concerning the method of redemption, at variance with our moral instincts and intuitions, — any thing which would offend a pure natural sense of justice, or conflict with the law written by the finger of God upon the heart of man. If any statements of the atonement have been fairly liable to such a charge, they must be regarded as misrepresentations of the intent and import of the Bible. It would be a dangerous and futile task to attempt to sustain any

doctrine, as a truth of revelation, at which the moral sense revolts and right reason is offended. It is the duty of those who teach and defend the Scriptures to treat with respect the objections of honest minds, and, as far as possible, to justify the divine words and ways to the dictates of reason and conscience.

But, at the same time, it must be considered that the doctrine of the cross must needs be offensive to a proud intellect and an unsanctified heart, will be unpalatable to an unspiritual taste, and esteemed foolishness by the wisdom of this world. To the objections or the cavils which spring from these sources, the Christian preacher should give no heed. To avoid or to conciliate such opposition, he should not condescend to dilute or warp his doctrine: he should neither veil nor soften one objectionable feature, nor blunt nor hold back one offensive point.

The language used by the sacred writers, in speaking of the sufferings and death of Christ, is most striking, impressive, and suggestive, — sometimes literal and sometimes figurative, sometimes clear and sometimes obscure, but invariably strong, deep, and fervid. The most earnest representations of the necessity and the efficacy of the cross to the redemption of mankind, which have ever come from an Orthodox pulpit, are fully sustained by the phraseology of the apostles. Whether the sacrificial terms they employed have been rightly understood or not by those who have been most fond of borrowing them, the apostles, and not their imitators, are responsible for the connection of those terms, and the peculiar ideas they suggest, with the Saviour's death. It is they who have called Christ "our sacrifice, a sin-offering, a propitiation for our sins." It is they who have declared that "He was made sin for us, who knew no sin; that he suffered for us, the just for the unjust; that he died for all, who else were virtually dead; that he hath purchased the church with his own blood, and that his blood cleanseth from all sin." While these texts, and such as these, are found scattered over the pages of the New Testament, — coloring, indeed, the whole current of its language, — it should be remembered that the burden of proof rests upon those who would explain away their obvious meaning, and divest the doctrine of the cross of the drapery which they have thrown around it. Nor is the responsibility in such case to be lightly estimated, nor is the work undertaken an easy one. If, in one instance, the apparent sense of a text of the class alluded to is explained away,

you are met directly by another, which puts your critical ingenuity to a severer test; and, when all is done that your hermeneutical skill can devise, the *general tone* of the New Testament still remains, interposing a new difficulty, and weakening with common readers the force of your labored interpretations.

Still greater is the responsibility, and still less successful and influential must be the course, of those who appear inclined to leave such texts, as far as possible, out of view, in preaching and religious conversation; who make but occasional and indifferent allusions to them, as if they were of comparatively feeble significance and little use; who resolve them into mere figures of speech, or antiquated, obsolete, and anile notions; or who boldly thrust them aside in the mass.

You may treat them thus if you have the disposition, or, in the face of the apostles and the concurrent sentiment of the church, the hardihood, to do so; but such treatment of them will only re-act upon yourself, to overthrow your theory of Christianity, and rebuke your presumption. For there they stand, broadly conspicuous and immovably fixed in the sacred word, which is to endure unaltered and unalterable through the ages; there they stand, and, when you and your feeble words have passed away into silence and been forgotten, there they will stand for ever, to impress future generations of reverent believers as they have impressed the past, to stir the profoundest thought of the highest intellects as to the sacred meaning they cover, and to appeal to the deepest emotions of the human heart, as they ever have appealed, on behalf of the wonderful and most gracious method of salvation which God hath provided through the sufferings of his dear Son. For ourselves, we repeat, we are disposed and determined to adjust and measure our views of the atonement entirely by the terms in which it is spoken of or alluded to in the New Testament, with no anxiety to square them with the theory of one party or another.

A recent review of the sacred writings, under the guidance of such principles, has left upon our mind, amongst other impressions, these two; namely, first, that the sufferings and death of Christ were not only a valuable and most powerful, but a *necessary*, instrumentality for the salvation of the world; and, secondly, that there is such a breadth and variety in the terms used as exponents and illustrations of the nature and operation of the

redemptive act, as to make it impossible for any dogmatic statement to define its essence or to describe its mode. Upon these two impressions we propose to say a few words, chiefly from the conviction that they involve two of the most important points on which it is not hopeless that Christians on both sides may agree, and, so agreeing, come nearer to an amicable relation.

I. That the mediatorial work of Christ was necessary, might, I think, be fairly argued from the positive declarations that it was determined and arranged in the eternal purpose of God. The Apostle Peter announces this truth in his sermon on the day of Pentecost: "Him, being delivered by the determinate counsel and foreknowledge of God, ye have taken, and by wicked hands crucified and slain." The Apostle John repeatedly speaks of "the Lamb that was slain from the foundation of the world."* Paul confirms the same statement; and the whole company of the apostles express this truth in their united prayer, before their separation from Jerusalem: "Against thy holy child Jesus, both Herod and Pontius Pilate, with the Gentiles, and the people of Israel, were gathered together, to do whatsoever thy hand and thy counsel determined before to be done." It is a sublime thought, that the purpose and method of man's redemption by a suffering Saviour is coeval with the idea and plan of man's creation. It throws a glorious light upon the dark and painful question which has so often perplexed the human mind, — how to reconcile with the divine goodness the creation of mankind in the foreknowledge on the part of God of all the sin they would commit, and all the misery it would bring upon them. This mystery of the creation is relieved by the mystery of the redemption. They must be viewed together to justify the ways of God. The serpent shall indeed come into the garden; but the seed of the woman shall bruise the serpent's head. Mankind shall be ensnared and subjugated by sin; but God hath provided a ransom from its bondage, a Deliverer from its power. Sin shall indeed abound; but grace shall much more abound. By one man's disobedience, many shall be made sinners; but by the obedience of One shall many be made righteous. Death shall pass upon all men; but death itself

* "That the Lamb, the Messiah, was appointed to suffer from the beginning of the world, is the constant doctrine of the New Testament." — *Eichhorn*.

shall be conquered. In Adam, all must die; but in Christ shall all be made alive.

But, if God designed and appointed this mode of salvation for man before the foundation of the world, are we not justified in concluding that he did so because it was the best way, the only way consistent with his own perfections, in which man could be redeemed? If mankind could have been redeemed, recovered to God, cleansed from sin, and made holy, at any less cost, at any cheaper rate, who can suppose that such a priceless sacrifice would have been ordained? If God could have withheld his dear Son from his sorrows, his shame, and his cross, and still have saved his sinful children, who can believe that he would not have done so?

But this truth does not rest upon the ground of argument: it stands upon a still stronger foundation. If Jesus himself had not said, "The Son of man *must* be *lifted* up, that whosoever believeth in him might not perish, but have everlasting life;" and if there were no statement to the same effect to be found in the New Testament, — yet there is one memorable occasion in his history, — the affecting scene in the garden of Gethsemane, — which is sufficient, one might suppose, to carry conviction to every mind. Who that listens to that thrice-repeated prayer, in the hour of his *exceeding sorrow even unto death*, "Father, if it be *possible*, remove this cup from me;" who that considers who *he* was that was pleading thus, in agony of soul, prostrate on his face on the ground before God, for this cup to pass if it were *possible*, — if man could be redeemed in any other way, — and then adding, in the fulness of a perfect filial submission, "*If it may not pass*, except I drink it, Father, thy will be done;" — who that considers these things can admit a doubt, that, if Infinite Wisdom could have provided any other method for accomplishing what Infinite Goodness purposed, such a method would have been devised, and the Lamb of God been rescued from the cross by the same gracious Being who once, in earlier times, arrested the hand of Abraham as it was about to deal the fatal sacrificial blow upon the head of his unresisting child, and provided and accepted, in the stead of Isaac, a far less costly offering?

But *why* was it necessary that Christ should suffer? Why was it not possible that that cup should pass from him? It was not necessary because it was *arbitrarily* appointed by God; but

it was appointed by God *because* it was necessary, — necessary to accomplish the end for which it was to take place. It was not rendered necessary by any *want* of mercy in God, — it was provided *by* his mercy; not by any unwillingness to release his debtors, — it was his own plan for their release; not from any stern desire to punish them for their sins, — it was designed to purge away their sins. Why, then, was Christ's death necessary to man's redemption? It is an interesting inquiry, leading far into the heart of the scriptural doctrine of the atonement. Let us pursue it with reverent step, cautiously guiding our steps by the light of revelation.

Man was to be created a moral being, endowed with moral freedom, liberty of choice, the power of doing right or wrong. The gift of this nature is his glory, the highest mark of the divine favor, the ground of all that is great and noble and virtuous in humanity, of all voluntary allegiance to God, and all spontaneous expressions and sacrifices of filial submission and piety. But this glorious inheritance must unavoidably be coupled with a terrible danger, — a peril proportioned to its grandeur. Man, free to stand, must be free to fall. He can obey; but he can also disobey. He can love and serve his Maker; but he can also turn away from and dishonor him. How shall this emergency be met? We are obliged to believe that God knew, from the beginning, what man would be likely to do, what he *would* do, and that that which God foreknew he would do is precisely what the history of our race and the experience of our own hearts show us that man *has* done. He would choose to follow his own will; he would be disobedient; his heart would wander away from his God. God, on his part, would furnish him liberally with helps and motives to obedience: he would endow him with reason and conscience; he would inscribe a law in his heart; he would make virtue a source of conscious joy, — and sin, of conscious suffering and shame; he would instruct him by the lessons of nature; he would teach and warn him by the gentle and the solemn admonitions of Providence; he would go even farther than this with *one tribe, set apart — as one, at least, must needs be — for the especial purpose of keeping alive a sacred connection in human affairs and human history, and being the depository of the oracles of God.* Upon them he would try to the utmost the experiment of instruction and discipline and legislation, under a

theocratic system of government, accompanied by a ritual religion, and wonderful displays both of love and severity, to prove whether by all these methods, under the best legal system, man's heart could be kept from sin, and made obedient and holy. But the experiment would fail; God foreknew that it would fail: but he patiently permitted it to be tried, that the human heart might be known; that man might be clearly revealed to himself; that his pride might be humbled, all his vain confidence in himself be brought down, all his boasting be excluded; that the deep-seated power, and peril and sinfulness, of sin might be made manifest; that no flesh might glory in his presence; that man might feel that he could not save himself, could not justify himself with his Maker; that Israel, as well as the Gentiles, might all stand condemned before God; that the world might thus feel the need of a Saviour from heaven, and be prepared for a higher and more perfect righteousness. Some may not relish the application of such language to man; but it is not stronger than the Scriptures warrant, and the well-known facts of human history abundantly justify.

Here, then, in this foreknown and actual result of man's creation, the Scriptures point us to seek the *ground* of the necessity of a suffering Mediator. Reason and conscience would not do: man had possessed them from the beginning; but reason had become darkened, and conscience defiled. Instruction would not do: it had been reiterated, by wise and good teachers, in countless forms and incessant strains. Prophets would not do: they had succeeded each other in almost unbroken line; and not only were their efforts of reform unavailing, but themselves were resisted and slain. Divine favors and blessings would not do: these had descended, from the first, in copious showers. Threats and punishments would not do: these had been again and again visited upon individuals and nations, — sometimes, with tremendous emphasis, whole nations being swept from the face of the earth, by fire and flood, for their sins; but all in vain. Men's hearts quailed for a moment, but sin kept its dominion; and after four thousand years, in spite of all these methods of correction and conversion, men, with few exceptions, grew worse and worse, wandered farther and farther away from God and holiness, and the whole earth was filled with idolatry and guilt.

Here is the ground of the necessity of a suffering Redeemer from heaven. All other methods to extirpate sin from the

human heart had failed. Unless God had some more powerful instrumentality in store, to rouse the conscience, to deepen the conviction of sin, to penetrate and strike through the heart, to soften its obduracy, to stir its relentings, to touch the springs of its higher and purer affections, to win back its love to virtue and himself, the world was virtually lost. What instrument powerful enough could be found? what motive mighty enough could be provided? Can any other be imagined, can any other be conceived of, except that which Divine Wisdom and Mercy and Justice ordained before the foundation of the world, and which was actually applied, when the beloved Son of God left the heavenly glory which he had with the Father, and, coming down to earth in the form of a servant, bore our sorrows, took upon himself the load of our sins, was despised and rejected of men, endured for us the mysterious agony of Gethsemane, offered his meek head to the crown of thorns, and gave himself up to the shame and anguish of the cross?

We must bear in mind the truth, that the sinful world, in order to be saved, would need, not only to be *forgiven*, but *cleansed from sin*. God might be willing to withhold the infliction of any *arbitrary* punishment; and yet the *natural consequences* of guilt would remain, in the sense of shame and the diseased nature of the sinner, which could not be removed without doing violence to all the laws of man's moral constitution, and without the destruction of his moral freedom, except by some mighty instrumentality, that should act upon the human heart with tremendous power, and yet in conformity to the laws of its nature. In order to the redemption of the world, not only must sinful acts, every one and all of them, be forgiven, to each man and all men, but the evil principle itself in human nature must be conquered and extirpated, and the principle of a perfect righteousness and holiness be implanted in its stead. It is not enough that God would forgive sin, whether on the condition of repentance or without repentance. More, far more, than this is necessary to save the world. Man must be made positively holy and righteous; he must be secured against future acts of sin; he must be inwardly washed from defiling desires and inclinations; he must be filled with pure and godly affections; he must be created anew into the moral likeness of his heavenly Father. Forgiveness could not do this, even in connection with repentance; but, if it could, how is

repentance, *such* repentance, — amounting to regeneration and sanctification, — to be *produced* in men? Has it been produced ever, or, if ever, has it been generally produced, in men, or was it likely to be, or, indeed, could it have been, without the powerful instrumentality of the preaching of the cross?

We must remember also that man must be saved in a manner consistent with all the attributes of God, and conducive to the glory of all his perfections, — not of his mercy only, but of his justice also and his holiness. He is the Lawgiver and Governor of the universe: his moral laws are holy, just, and good; they are the expression of his righteous will, the transcript of his own perfect nature; they are the everlasting pillars of his vast moral kingdom; they are essential to the order, virtue, harmony, and highest happiness of his subjects. They must be sustained; they must be vindicated; they must be magnified. It would be no more consistent with mercy than with justice to allow them to be broken, to suffer them to be violated by men with a feeling of security against the penalty, to authorize any such expectations of lenity as would not put an effectual restraint upon transgression, or as would diminish in the disobedient heart a salutary dread of the divine displeasure, and of awful tribulation, as the inevitable result of wilful and continuous sin. This would be weakness, not mercy. As well might the Supreme Ruler throw away his sceptre; as well might the august Judge step down from the throne of justice, and strip himself of his robes of judgment. The moral universe would go to ruin. The rebellious wills of his subjects — how tremendous they are, and, even now, with how much difficulty curbed and kept in submission! — would rend earth and heaven with discord and confusion, if the great Sovereign should relax his rule, or suffer his righteous mandates to be lightly violated.

“But the object of the divine law is not *revenge*.” The object of its penalty is to put restraint upon offences, to exhibit God’s abhorrence of wrong, with awful testimony and warning against transgression, and thus secure the interests of virtue. “If, now, virtue be in the best manner promoted and sin restrained by the death of Christ, and the consequences that necessarily flow from it, then the great object of the divine law and its penalties is promoted in the most effectual manner.” And is not this object thus answered in a higher degree than it could have been, either by inflicting the penalty, or by remitting the penalty altogether,

without any most impressive manifestation of the divine displeasure, or any fearful exhibition of the exceeding sinfulness of sin, such as has been presented to the world in the sufferings and crucifixion of the spotless Lamb of God?

For ourselves, then, we believe, with the great body of the church of all ages, that the cross of Christ was necessary in order to the salvation of mankind; that man could have been redeemed, ransomed from the dominion of sin, restored to God, entirely reconciled and at one, his heart thoroughly cleansed from evil affections, and filled with filial love, — a new creature, created anew in Christ Jesus, after the holy image of God, — only by a suffering Redeemer; and that Sufferer no less than the only-begotten Son of God, who was with God, in the likeness of God, dear to the Father, a partaker of the divine nature and the divine glory, before the world was; and who, acquainted with the Father's beneficent purpose of redemption, voluntarily took upon himself the labor, the humiliation, and all the travail of soul, necessary to its fulfilment, from his love to God and love to man, that God might be glorified on earth, as holy, just, and merciful, and man be brought back — ransomed from the power of sin, renewed, justified, and sanctified — to the favor of the Father, and the bliss of eternity.

II. A very few remarks on the second point proposed will conclude this already protracted article.

Our reverence for the terms which the sacred writers employ, in speaking of the death of Christ, not only forbids us to reject or emasculate any of them, but should prevent us also from *substituting for them* any terms of our own, as a complete and essential definition of "the how and the why" of the saving efficacy. In the New Testament, we find Christ's mediation spoken of in various forms of speech, and represented by numerous figures and analogies. These, for the most part, are not intended to express the *very nature* of the redemption, but to illustrate *its effects*, and to create a lively and grateful sense of its value. They are addressed not so much to the intellect, to excite speculation and discussion, and to gratify curiosity, as to the heart, to stir its affections towards God, and draw its love and gratitude to the Redeemer.

Such being the case, are there not valid and sacred reasons for objecting to a rigid adherence, in creeds and in preaching, to some

of those old terms, and old definitions of the atonement, which not only are not of scriptural authority, but the very sound of which, being associated with fierce controversies and bitter animosity in the past, awakens at once a spirit of opposition, and helps to keep alive those discordant feelings, which Christian prudence, as well as Christian love, acknowledges to be unbecoming and injurious, and which both are seeking to allay? We refer to such phrases as "substitution," "vicarious," "an equivalent," &c., attached to the word *atonement*, and insisted upon as *tests* of the soundness and reality of faith in the death of Christ.

We believe, from the study of the New Testament, that no definition of the atonement can embody or describe the substance of the saving efficacy of Christ's death, or comprehend the height, length, and depth of the doctrine of redemption. We believe that the insisting upon these human definitions is the source of disputes and disquiet in the church. We are sure that the glorious fact of the reconciliation of man to God by the death of his beloved Son is not a proper subject for logic, for criticism, for polemics, but for devout contemplation, grateful meditation, affectionate, tender, and earnest discourse. It is the last subject about which Christian believers should dispute together with angry minds; it is the last which should be approached while discordant and sectarian emotions are active in the heart. It rebukes them; it puts them to shame: it should hush their harsh tones to silence, or change them into accents of love and peace.

As consistent would it be to attempt to define precisely the whole secret of creation, as of redemption; to embody in a single dogma the explanation of the divine influence and operations in nature, in providence, or in the spiritual realm, and insist that those who did not accept it denied the being of a God, disclaimed a belief in his power, and cut themselves off from a share in his mercy, as to draw up a precise formula, defining and describing the mode of redemption by Christ Jesus, and insist that all who do not accept it have no real faith in the Saviour, and no claim to a participation in the blessings secured by his death.

For ourselves, we cannot look at the atonement in a spirit of controversy, but, as we would look at the sun shining in the heavens, with an awakening feeling of good-will and love to man, diffusing itself as wide as its genial beams are spread. We do not quarrel with the speculations of any school of science with regard

to the structure and composition of that glorious orb, or the laws and modes of the emanation and distribution of its light and heat, although one theory may seem to us more reasonable and more valuable than another. We bask in its warm rays; we admire it, with hearts full of praise, in its rising and its setting, and in all its circuit of splendor; we watch, with grateful delight, the springing of nature under its benignant influence, — the swelling of the bud, the unfolding of the leaf, the meek and clear waking and looking forth of the modest wild flower from its long, cold sleep, the silent and gentle spreading of the fresh verdure over the meadows and the hills; we look up to the blue heavens, and see there the majestic and benignant agent of God's renewing goodness; we look about us, and see everywhere the wonderful and beautiful effects; we look within us, and are conscious of a strange gladness, a bright reviving of hope, a sweet glow and expansion of benevolent and thankful emotion. Let philosophers dispute about the mode; let men of science contend for their theories of light and heat: we will contemplate with rapture the glorious luminary; we feel, we believe, we realize, we adore, God's vast and wondrous kindness, in this sublime instrument and image of his power and mercy. And thus we are sharers in the rich blessing; body and mind, heart and spirit, we are partakers of the gift: it fills us with wonder and happiness; it spreads its smile along our path and over our homes; it encompasses us with sparkling tokens of the divine compassion; it kindles our souls to love and praise; it draws up our thoughts and hearts to the Father.

In a similar way, we love to contemplate the CROSS of man's safety and redemption. We believe, we see, we know, we feel, — with profound gratitude and joy, with swelling emotions of love to God and man, with a strange brightening of hope for the future, — that in it lives, and from it emanates, the very power of God to restore, to cleanse, to reconcile, to save, the world, — even every soul that believeth. The whole secret of the power and of the mode, we may not understand: it is not necessary that we should; it is not demanded of us, in order to be partakers of its efficacy. If Christ, who died for us, *has* the power to save us, he can *exert* it. If we believe that he has it, and in this faith go to him to exert it upon us, we comply with the essential condition on which he always has exerted it on behalf of suffering man, and has promised to exert it on our behalf, — not on the condition of an opinion

as to the mode, but of a belief in his divine ability and willingness. If we look to him with this undoubting faith, and submit to him with this perfect reliance, he will not keep us in suspense, he will not thrust us away, he will not leave us hungering, thirsting, anxious, despairing, till we have studied and inquired and settled the deep question, how he obtained the power, or how he exerts it.

We will "eat his flesh and drink his blood," as our "bread of life." We will so believe, and so take home to our hearts, his death for us, that it shall become within us a living principle of holy life, — the blessed nutriment of every heavenly affection and every spiritual energy; and, so doing, we will trust that we also shall be among the grateful partakers of its saving bounty, and among the trophies of its miraculous virtue. C. R.

LECTURES ON PALESTINE. — No. 13.

THE ENVIRONS OF JERUSALEM.

THE care of Jehovah for the faithful of his people is compared by the Psalmist to "the mountains round about Jerusalem." The comparison could not be more apt or striking. While the Holy City sits like a queen upon the top of the hills, it is so girded by their sevenfold lines of circuit, that it illustrates in a gigantic way the most scientific laws of fortification. Nature has done here what art has only imperfectly imitated in the ramparts of the forts of Western Europe. From every side, the approach to Jerusalem is over mountains higher than the highest tower of its ancient walls. On the north-west, some five miles distant, the Mosque of Nebi Samuel crowns the summit where Moslems fix the burial-place of that patriarch-prophet, and overlooks at once the valley of the Jordan and the waters of the Great Sea. Westward, between craggy ridges, is the natural moat, at the bottom of which runs the brook where David gathered his smooth stones to meet the insolent Goliath: the store of smooth, white pebbles is not yet exhausted. South-west is the strong hill, where a small convent of monks still keep the memory and emulate the austerities of "John in the wilderness." Southward, on the way to Bethlehem, the traveller is arrested by the fortress-like cloister of

the Prophet Elijah, commanding the ridge which divides Judah from Benjamin, — the birthplace of David from his throne, the birthplace of Jesus from his tomb. Eastward from the three summits of the Mount of Olives, the desert falls away over hills ever more barren toward the still Lake of Sodom. North-east, wooded hills shut in quickly the vista through the Kidron ravine; and, northward, you look over the ridges, which so many armies have with pain traversed, to the rocky site of Ramah. Jerusalem is in the centre of a great circle of mountains.

These mountains are, indeed, desolate and barren; yet the descriptions of travellers have exaggerated their desolation. There are many regions of Europe where the descriptions of such bare and awful wildness will much better apply. The herbage is scanty, and the rock in excess; but there is much land annually tilled on the shores of New England that would suffer, if compared for fertility with the steeps where the shepherds around Jerusalem find their pasture. A botanist might be employed delightfully for months in studying the flora of this wilderness region. Experiment, not less than prophecy, proves that gardens are possible, even around the deserted site of the Tomb of Rachel. The missionaries find it pleasanter to live in summer on the green sides of Olivet than in the dust of Mount Zion. Villagers at the robber-haunt of Abougoosh may protect themselves always at noonday by the shade of their groves. Travellers who halt at Beera, where the parents of Jesus, according to the legend, discovered the absence of the boy from their caravan, will find not only there the well refreshing, but the scenery delightful. The mountains around Jerusalem are not barren enough to make the landscape repulsive; and he who sits on that spot where the Saviour wept over the doomed city, and takes in the splendid horizon, the graceful grouping, the contrasted colors, the varied forms, of this background of hills, will confess, that, even without its associations, the loveliness of the spot were worth the toil that has accompanied his journey.

Yet the landscape is, of course, the least thing in the environs of Jerusalem. It is difficult to think of any thing present, when everywhere the past is so eloquent, when every spot has so sacred a history. You cannot look upon this as upon other mountain regions, or see the Valley of Jehoshaphat as you see the Vale of Chamouni. The artist's eye is dimmed by the tears which reve-

rent memories start. His sketches are for souvenir more than for show; to recall the scenes, not to prove their beauty. By a wide interval, this region is separate from those which are sought for what they have of picturesque. It is possible, indeed, at the afternoon-sports around the well of En Rogel, looking upon that quaint, novel, charming spectacle of dashing horsemen, gambolling children, veiled maidens grouped on the rocks, and grave Bedouins over against them, — a life-scene of to-day, — to forget that this spot has a touching religious story; that here Nehemiah found the sacred fire hidden during the long exile in Babylon; here the sheep and oxen were slain for the feast before the consecration of Solomon; and here, too, Jonathan heard the message which saved the life of David. At Bethany, too, you might for a moment be tempted, in looking down the winding eastern valley, and watching the antic frenzies of the sheik as he spurs his steed and swings his spear, to forget who once dwelt here, and what miracle this little chapel by the wayside perpetuates. But the forgetfulness is momentary. Bethany was the home of Martha and Mary; and this, the cavern to which they would lead you, — perhaps it was, as they say, the tomb from which Lazarus came forth. Your thoughts in this region cannot long be turned from those things which fix its interest, and almost engross its attraction. The word of the Scripture directs them, and your meditation is full of backward-looking thoughts.

The subject of this lecture offers less for mere statistical detail than any that have gone before it. There is no town to be mentioned worthy of the name of town. Jerusalem, unlike the other important cities of the world, has *no suburb*. It is wholly within its walls. The inhabitants of the environs are in race quite distinct from the inhabitants of the city, and keep apart from these. The village of Siloa is separate from Moriah only by a narrow ravine, scarcely a stone's throw in breadth; yet its people are rarely seen inside the gates of Jerusalem, preferring their wretched habitations in the tombs. Bethany, an easy hour's walk from the Church of the Sepulchre, sends no worshippers to that shrine: its miserable people have more affinity with the tribes of the desert than with the dwellers in the sacred streets. Except the tower on the top of the Mount of Olives, not one minaret is visible in all the horizon which encircles Jerusalem, not one village where there are a score of houses. The absence

of culture is almost as striking as the absence of village life. You look almost in vain for orchards which shall supply the city with fruit in its season, vineyards which shall furnish its wine, or vegetable beds such as ought to surround a city so populous and so largely visited. Only the olive-tree, half wild, growing scattered in clumps at intervals, gives any sign of the husbandman's industry. The single garden is that which Franciscan friars keep beneath the gnarled old trees where the site of Gethsemane is set; and this is so hidden by its solid wall, that you must enter to see its beauties or breathe its odors. If the shepherd still leads on the hills his flocks to pasture, they are not numerous; nor has he the air of the shepherd on the plains of Philistia.

The chief feature, and the most interesting study, on the hills around Jerusalem, are the graves and the sepulchral monuments. These are of all ages, from the time of the Hebrew kings to the present hour. They line in countless numbers the brow of the ridges in the Valley of Jehoshaphat; they sprinkle the northern plain as far as the eye can see; they come close to the edge of the dry pools of Gihon; and, in the Valley of Hinnom, they deepen the funereal gloom. They are in all orders of Eastern architecture, from the simplest stone laid flat upon the ground, to the massive entablatures of the Doric style, and the fantastic pagoda pinnacle of the Tomb of Absalom. Upon some are elaborate inscriptions in classic language, while others are without sign or mark to tell whom they commemorate. The grave of Isaiah is distinguished by a crooked mulberry-tree. A low, broken wall hinders your entrance to the tombs of the minor prophets. On the southern side of Mount Zion, without the wall, the small enclosure set apart within a few years for the burial of American strangers, with its young cypress-trees shading the slabs, stands opposite to the mosque where Moslems come to pray at the Sepulchre of David. Each religion, each sect, has its separate place. Along the Temple Wall, and beyond the Stephen's Gate, the followers of the Prophet crowd their dead together, that they may be near to hear when the Prophet shall sit in judgment upon that stone above their heads. Across the valley are the gravestones of the Jews whom they hate, laid there, some of them, three thousand years ago, and still with each year multiplying. A faithful Jew covets no boon so high as burial in the Valley of Jehoshaphat, a place at death with his fathers. For this

he will forsake his comfortable home in foreign lands; will consent to drag out on Mount Zion a wretched life, oppressed, despised, reviled, plundered of his goods, thrust aside in the streets; happy only if his bones may lie where his fathers' bones were laid, and where Jehovah at last shall begin the recall of his people. In the Christian graveyard, the distinction of church is kept up. The Armenian, the Copt, the Greek, and the Latin, lie each in his own corner of the field; and each has the record of his own superior faith. The site of the Potter's Field is still set apart for the burial of "strangers." There, from the days of Helena to our own, the friendless pilgrims who have ended their life's journey at the shrine of their faith have been brought to wait the resurrection, till the field bought with the price of blood has become the great charnel-house of the Christian church. From this spot the sacred earth has, even in vast shiploads, been carried off; and, as you walk through the long corridors of the Campo Santo of Pisa, you learn with amazement that the soil of this enclosure was brought from that hill where the Jewish rulers first took counsel how they might betray Jesus, and afterward alienated from the use of their people the price of their iniquity. The Christian guardians of Jerusalem are not so considerate as the Jewish. They care more for the living than the dead; and when there is no more to be extorted from the poor wanderer who has spent his last piaster in seeking the tomb of his Lord, and lies down here to die, they will not spare him part of their precious ground, but send his body where no name of the dead is kept, but where the "dragons" of the valley seek their nightly carrion.

Comparatively few of these innumerable tombs are worth exploring in their interior. Those in the Valley of Hinnom are mostly mere excavations in the rock, without ornament or grace of any kind, and, except in a single instance, without legend. In this one, it is said that the disciples hid themselves when their Master was betrayed; and the spring of water is shown from which they drank. In the Valley of Jehoshaphat, the southern tombs are tenanted by the Bedouins of the village of Siloa, of whom we have already spoken; and the four conspicuous monuments on the north, which severally bear the names of Absalom, Jehoshaphat, Zechariah, and James, are in their interiors not easily accessible. It is related by older travellers, that the Tomb of

Absalom is as accursed as his name; and that every pious believer, whether Jew, Moslem, or Christian, flings a stone at it as he passes. To this practice may be assigned the dilapidation of the monument, and the pile of fragments which lie at its base. The monument, though grotesque, is very large and stately. The pretended tomb of James the Less is said to have been a place of resort for the disciples after the death of their Master. The Tomb of Zechariah is the most sacred: on certain days, processions from the city go out to it, and prayers are repeated before it.

Deep down in the valley, where it fairly begins to be a ravine, and close by the bridge which crosses the Kidron on the way from Jerusalem to Mount Olivet, is the most holy tomb of the Virgin Mary. Of this the Greeks enjoy exclusive and undisturbed possession; and other sects who come there to worship must conform to the hours, and observe the ceremonies which the Greek patriarch appoints. The chapel (for the tomb is, of course, a chapel, with some half-dozen altars) is a chamber of some forty feet square, lighted only by the few rays which can descend the long staircase, and the numerous sacred lamps which decorate the altars. Every morning, at sunrise, the monks of the Greek convents go out there to worship; and the edifying spectacle of prostrations, picture-kissings, patriarchal blessings, may be witnessed in perfection. Hard by this, in an even darker grotto, the Latins have their rites in memory of the Saviour's agony; and you may see, if you will, where each of the three prayers were uttered, and where the drops of bloody sweat did stain the ground.

The most remarkable sepulchral monument near Jerusalem is that which bears the name of the "Tombs of the Kings," but which recent researches have conclusively fixed as the tomb of Helena, Queen of Adiabene, and of her children. The sculptured portal, the curious panelled doors turning on sockets of stone, the polished walls of the square chambers, the niches in which urns were placed, the hollows for the coffins, the exquisite fragments of carving, — leaves and blossoms and fruits, — make this monument more interesting to the antiquary than to him who visits it from its association. It has more affinity with the ruins of Greece and Egypt than with the traditions of Palestine. The only Jewish "kings" who could have been concerned in its building were those subject satraps who ruled just prior to the time of Christ. The monument is about half a mile north of the

Damascus Gate, not far beyond what were the limits of the ancient city in the time of the Romans. Those who wish to explore still farther, will find, a mile or more beyond this tomb, some caves which bear the names of the "Sepulchres of the Judges." The name is evidently falsely applied; and the tombs themselves have nothing to reward curiosity.

Next to the tombs, the most conspicuous objects around Jerusalem are the various reservoirs, or pools. Of these, the Pool of Siloam, though the smallest, is, of course, the most attractive. It is just above that open space where a few mulberry, fig, and vine trees, growing among the flowers, perpetuate the verses of the Canticles and the name of "the King's Garden," and overlook the meeting of the Valleys of Hinnom and Jehoshaphat. The open part of the pool is an oblong basin, of some forty by twenty feet, surrounded by an ancient wall, over the edge of which trailing plants hang picturesquely. A flight of rude steps leads down to the water, which is usually a foot or two in depth. At the extremity of this basin is an arched chamber, beneath which the cool waters are gathered from their subterranean flow, and from which they drip down into the lower pool. This, at the foot at once of Mount Zion and the Temple Mount, is the brook which flowed "fast by the oracles of the living God." As you sit beneath the archway, and listen to the murmur of this dropping, how real seem the words of Isaiah of "the waters of Siloa that flow softly"! As you bathe your eyes, wearied with gazing and inflamed by the dust of the pathway, you think of him who came there at the bidding of Jesus to wash and to receive his sight. These are the stones which Nehemiah caused to be laid when the people came back from Babylon; and the refreshing draught recalls to you the joy of captive Judah, when, after years of exile, they drank again from their sacred fountain, and praised God for their deliverance. Still the people come there to drink on their days of joy and their days of sorrow. The Jews bring water from that fountain to their houses on Zion; and Moslem women bear it on their heads to the gateways of the Temple. Still the gentle flow of that stream supplies the city of God.

By a long underground passage through the ridge of Ophel, the Pool of Siloam is connected with the "Fountain of the Virgin," from which it receives its supply. This is the chief source of water, in the warm season, to the inhabitants of the opposite

tombs; and, when it fails, great distress ensues. It has no Christian association; but the ebb and flow of the waters are joined, in the Moslem fable, to the sleep or waking of the hateful dragon who lurks in the cavern. The stairway is a place of resort for the Bedouins and the women of the valley. The poor are there, with the blind and lame, to ask alms and illustrate the ancient customs.

Near the Gate of St. Stephen, and close to the spot where the martyr's death is placed, and where still are stones enough to repeat many such deeds of violence, is another pool, which some have tried to identify as the Pool of Bethesda, but, on the whole, without success. In front of the Grotto of Jeremiah, on the north side of the city, is a dry hollow, which was once, no doubt, a receptacle for water, but which now has no authentic story. West of the city, in the Valley of Gihon, are two great reservoirs, each covering an area of several acres, which are probably identified as the pools existing in the days of the Hebrew kings and judges. The lower is about a quarter of a mile below the upper. At one of these pools (which one, is yet disputed), Solomon was anointed king over Israel by Zadok the priest and Nathan the prophet. The honored name which the valley and waters bear—that of one of the rivers of paradise—proves how high in importance it was to the people. Now the only surroundings of the upper pool are the white stones of the crowded Moslem graves; and of the lower, the line of ancient aqueduct arches spanning the valley. The floor of the pools is bedded with verdure, and the waters stay there no longer.

The stream from the pools of Gihon once ran among the deep, black rocks of the Valley of Hinnom, where the Moloch fires burned, and the beaten drums drowned the cries of murdered children, till it met the Kidron stream from the Valley of Jehoshaphat. Now, in spite of the superstition, one may walk in the lowest bed of Tophet, the very Gehenna, the whole way, without meeting either water, fire, or ghosts. The flowers do not refuse to grow there. It is less pleasant to find that the brook Kidron, sometime a "torrent," is now, too, quite dry. There is not even a thread of water by which its "silver stream" may be traced; and its "sweet gliding" is all of the past. A little bridge crosses it just in front of the Jewish tombs, which we would fain believe is, as they say, the bridge over which our Saviour passed

when he was led by the soldiers to the house of the high-priest. The graceful windings of its bed show how pleasant it must once have been to see; and, without its stream, it may still be, as once, the limit of faith and privilege, easy to mark. Below Jerusalem, indeed, when it has received the flow of other fountains, it becomes a river, and finds its way at last to the Dead Sea. There are many sites on the margin of this brook that you would gladly fix. Where crossed that solemn procession of David, with the Levites, bearing the ark of the covenant? Where did Asa burn the idol of the queen, his mother? Where did King Josiah scatter the dust of the false altars, and the ashes of the groves, when he cast down the wickedness of Ahaz and Manasseh? Where was the brook stopped to cut off water from the Assyrian invader, when Hezekiah fortified the city? Next to the Jordan, the Kidron has most historic interest of all the rivers of Palestine.

Usually the first, properly the last, too, of all the objects to be visited by Christian travellers in the environs of Jerusalem, is the Mount of Olives. There is no need to remember any thing but the footprints of the Saviour on the paths of this mountain. One would not think of this as the "Mount of Corruption," on which Solomon built altars to idolatrous gods, disgracing so the grandeur of his piety as architect of the opposite house on Moriah. It is all the place where Jesus loved to come, to wander, to teach, and to pray. In prophecy, it was told that Messiah's feet should stand upon this holy mountain; and superstition has its enduring mark which answers to the prophecy: for they show in the mosque on the highest summit, where Christians come, too, with the infidels to pray, the last mark of the Saviour's foot before he ascended, described on the stone. Here, where he held that solemn discourse, interpreting to his followers the fate of his gospel, their duty, their danger, and their sufferings, pilgrims see the place where the disciples in turn composed that symbol of their faith which has been sent out to all the nations, and which every church can receive and repeat. At the descent of this mount were heard those songs of the triumphal entry, when they shouted, "Blessed be the King that cometh in the name of the Lord!" Here the Saviour wept over Jerusalem. Here he tarried on that last fatal night, mused on the events of the morrow, prayed while his brethren slept, and met his betrayer.

Here are the same rocks on which he rested ; and here are the trees, if you will believe the monk who guards them, beneath which he knelt. Here, as on the shores of the Sea of Galilee, all our thoughts will be of Jesus. Here, in the Garden of Olivet, we think only of "the triumph of sorrow, the triumph of love."

C. H. B.

C A N A.

Down into many a still and aching soul
Looketh the Lord with tenderness divine,
And, searching all its secret being through,
Sees the cup drained, and empty of its wine.

Life's early threshold may be hardly passed,
Its hour of festival be hardly o'er,
When the bright, mocking draught of joy shall fail,
Leaving the heart athirst for evermore.

Then goeth up the soul's beseeching cry
Unto the Lord of all benignant power ;
And still doth he command thee from on high,
"Wait thou, in faith, the coming of mine hour."

Wait, — though life waste, and gladness be refused ;
Wait, — bearing patiently the grief of years ;
And "whatsoever he shall tell thee, do ;"
Yea, though he fill thy brimming bowl with tears.

Out from those lips of blessing yet shall come
A word to turn the drops of woe to wine ;
Though, with thy bowed head, thou mayst not behold
The flash and glory of their golden shine.

The miracle of Cana is for thee :
When the full cup across thy lip hath passed,
Thy soul shall look up joyously, and own
The best wine hath been given thee at the last.

A. D. T. W.

RELIGIOUS INFALLIBILITY: CHRIST ALL IN ALL.

THE belief in human infallibility in religion has been in all ages the curse of the world. Inspired by it, the ancient Briton snatched his child from its mother's arms, and gave it up to the knife of the Druid. This it was that sent the Emperor of Rome and the hero of Greece to lay a nation's strength and wisdom at the foot, perchance, of an idiot or a madman, who called himself a priest, and whose single word often decided the destinies of myriads. This it was that emboldened the Arab impostor to unsheathe his sword, and strike a people dumb with his single cry, "Belief or death!" This was the foundation itself on which Satan first built that stronghold of his, Catholicism, — that masterpiece of ingenious iniquity, that mighty tower from which he frowns on nearly all of Europe, shedding on it darkness and death; and, not content with the Old World, this it is on which he is at this moment seeking to build another and a mightier fortress in our own fair land, and so to clutch the New World also for his own. God save us from his cunning, and discover his design! It is the belief in human infallibility in religion — the belief that some men, on account of their greater wisdom or holiness, have attained to an absolute certainty of the truth of God and the way to heaven, and can, therefore, communicate that certainty to us — that has been the foundation of all the false religions of the past, and is the rock on which the mighty Catholic church is at present built.

Yet, terrible as is this delusion, and fertile mother of so many sorrows, this belief, like all others which have struck their roots deeply into the human heart, must be the imaginary supply of a universal want of that heart: this alone accounts for its existence. However false a faith may be, if it is deep and lasting, it is so because it seems to be the true answer to questions that come up from the depths of the soul. This is precisely the case with the doctrine of human infallibility. There is no want so intense and urgent as the want of certainty on spiritual and eternal questions. Men cry out for absolute knowledge of the way to heaven and God. In whatever else I may be deceived, let me not be deceived here. In other things, mistake may be serious: in these, it would be ruin. Certainty! give me certainty concerning my God!

And this demand is legitimate and rational. It has indeed

been denied, by one class of philosophic religionists, that certainty is attainable on spiritual subjects. These do not, say they, admit of demonstration, and therefore there can be no absolute knowledge of them: you must leave them in the airy realm of faith and hope; you cannot draw them to you in the delight of a conscious embrace. What then? Is there no certainty but that of gross touch and taste and sense? Is there no certainty in feeling? none in joy and sorrow, rapture and agony, the heaven and the hell within us? Oh, yes, my philosophic friend! the feelings of the soul are *more* certain than those of the body, because they are nearer to me: bodily pain is without me, and therefore farther from me than that mental pain that is within me. Spirit is more sure to a man than matter, because it is closer to him; and this demand, therefore, for spiritual certainty, is not only admissible, but a necessity of my nature, which no argument can destroy. The folly of the belief in human infallibility in religion consists not in seeking infallibility itself, but in seeking it from man. There is, there must be, religious certainty to be had. God would never have made earth sure, and heaven a doubt; but, because we have not faith to look higher, we seek it in that lower sphere where it is never to be found.

Who, then, is the true source of religious infallibility? or, in other words, who will give me a reliable answer to all religious questions? The priest, says the Catholic, and, in so believing, takes that spiritual opiate which lulls his soul into a stagnation, the mimicry of a true peace, but which, nevertheless, so quiets the fears of the ignorant, so soothes the irritability of the doubting and intellectual, that we can understand, while we deplore the fact, why so many thousands take the Circean cup, and drink.

In condemning this lie as it merits, Luther points us to the word of God as the only source of absolute truth. The Bible, and the Bible only, is the motto of Protestantism; and it is the only true one. Human infallibility is in itself a contradiction in terms, its own refutation; for all men are fallible. Nothing that comes from man alone can be certain: his religious affirmations are but opinions to be discussed; his most confident dogmas are ridiculous in proportion to their confidence. Nothing of man, nothing strictly human, can be trusted: the decision of the priest is impudence, his anathemas on unbelief nothing but the passion of a spoiled child who cannot have his way. The

Protestant is right: God's word alone is sure. But then comes the question, What is God's word? Are we sure that we have his meaning? God's word, indeed, is perfect truth; but it must pass through the imperfect ear of man before it reaches the understanding. How do we know that it is not vitiated in the process? How can I be sure that I understand what God means? In other words, how do I know that my interpretation of God's word is correct? This, this, is the great trying question for all sincere seekers after truth. And here I am encountered by a new agency, and as strange as it is new; I mean Protestant infallibility. My brother, having renounced the pope as the original source of truth, and pointing to God alone as the giver of that precious gift, offers himself to me as his infallible interpreter. He virtually says, "God speaks to you indeed, but in a language which you cannot understand, and which I alone can interpret to you;" in a word, he turns Protestant pope. I find myself, after the pangs of the reformation, once more face to face with human infallibility, precisely the same in nature as that from which I had fondly hoped I had for ever escaped; the only difference being that the Catholic affirms his own infallibility without God's word in his hand; the Protestant, with it. This is the fruitful source of the creeds and sects of so-called Christendom; the creed of each sect being the peculiar spectacles through which you must read God's word, if you would read it aright.

I turn, then, with disgust from this ill-disguised pretension to infallibility, to the other more hopeful motto of Protestantism, — "The right of private judgment;" the right, that is, and the duty, of every individual to study God's word for himself, and to make his own decision of its meaning. But here, alas! stripped of its outward clothing, what again do I meet? An exhortation to become my own pope; another proposal of human infallibility, to be vested in my own person instead of my brother's. And what do I gain by this? My objection to my infallible interpreter was that he is a man; and this same objection applies just as forcibly to myself. How do I know that my interpretation of the word of God is more reliable than my brother's? "I myself also am a man." I enter into my closet; I shut to the door; day after day, month after month, I pore over the sacred records, with the most sincere desire for the truth. To-day, I think such a doctrine is firmly established; but, to-morrow, a seemingly contrary text overturns the citadel of my new theology, and leaves

me in the midst of its ruins. Of what use to me is the much-vaunted right of private judgment? It is a responsibility too great for me to bear. I want neither myself, nor a fellow-mortal no wiser than myself, but some one higher and better than either of us, to say to my aching heart, with *authority*, "This is the interpretation thereof."

But I am told again by certain philosophers, that, although I am quite right to distrust my reason in the study of God's word or in the interpretation of daily duty, — inasmuch as there is no true criterion by which to judge of the conclusions of reason, and the greatest height to which she can advance us is probability, — yet that there is an internal sense, God-given, called by some *intuition*, by others the *conscience*, which will be to me an infallible interpreter both of God's word and the myriad problems of life. Ah! here hope seems to dawn: that word "God-given" is a great relief to me. Only let my God explain to me his own book, and leave me no longer to my fearful self, and my burden is gone, and I go on my way rejoicing. But I must examine this matter: it is the truth I must have; and I can be satisfied with nothing less. You say that intuition, conscience, is infallible. Now, if so, it will say the same thing to all hearts. Truth is one: God cannot be divided against himself. We can at once decide this question by fact. Is it so? Do those who say they are guided by conscience, intuition, understand God's word in the same manner, act alike, think alike? Far otherwise. For conscience' sake, the Catholics burned the Protestants; the Protestants, the Catholics. For conscience' sake, Paul thought he "ought to do many things contrary to the name of Jesus of Nazareth;" and, although he had murdered many of the Christians, he could, even after his conversion, proclaim in open court, that he had "lived before God in all good conscience until that day." History is full of crimes committed by persons for conscience' sake. God has, indeed, implanted in the heart the sense of everlasting right; but this is so deformed by education, so blighted by ignorance and sin, that it cannot be appealed to as the never-failing criterion of eternal truth. It is, indeed, God-given; but the gift has been so abused, that sometimes the giver cannot be recognized in it.

Is there, then, no rest for the soul; no infallible truth at all; no interpretation of the Scriptures that I can trust? Am I to go through life a doubter, paralysis in my soul, and darkness

between it and its Maker? Blessed be God, not so! God himself is infallibility, the only truth, the only interpreter of his word. He has made all other sources of reliance doubtful, that we may be forced to come to him. God alone is certainty. Give me some manifestation of him, then; bring him near to me; let me see him, hear him, understand him, and I am satisfied. It is not sufficient to tell me that God is the only truth, the only interpreter of his own word. He is a pure Spirit, invisible, inaudible; and I am a poor mortal, half flesh and sense, with eye and ear 'twixt him and me. He is a pure Spirit, and I am not; and as I can understand the nature of another being only so far as it is a reflection of my own, if you can tell me nothing more of God than this, my knowledge of him is poor indeed, and utterly insufficient for the momentary wants of my soul. I must see him as humanity; I must look on him as man. Nay, deem me not irreverent: he must be as my poor self, if my poor self is to grasp him. Is there such an incarnation? Has God ever been with us? has he looked out from a human eye into the tearful eye of sinful man? has he held, with human hand, the trembling hand of such as me? has any one e'er heard him speak with human tongue, and tell us that he loved us? Even so, thou weary heart! the dear Christ came, God with us in the flesh. But now; I want him now. Those men of yore were blessed indeed: they looked into his soul, and saw his pity; they leaned on his bosom, and felt his love; they asked him questions, and he answered them. Can he be with me also? He can. Thou knowest what death is, — at least, by prophecy, — its infinite awfulness, its unfathomable solemnity, its mystery of fear; thou knowest, for it is within thee. This, then, he tasted for thee: he loved thee so, that he died for thee. The cross! the cross! the fountain of unutterable, undying love, stronger than death, and therefore stronger than all things. From this the Spirit of the Christ streams down to all generations, the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever. Look on this, and Christ will be with thee. God will be with thee at this hour, this moment, if thou wilt. Christ is love; God is love; the Truth infallible, interpreter of all things, is love.

Christ, then, is the only infallible one. In self, in man, there is no trust. Self is the great fountain of error and sin: wherever it is, they are. In the human intellect, by itself, there is no

certainty; all its religious conclusions are questionable; it has no power to establish as an axiom the slightest spiritual truth. All that unaided man can do with religious questions is to doubt or to presume. The first thing, then, that the truth-seeker has to do is to give up self, to lose himself in Christ. Until he does this, he will only grope in darkness and pain, and rest nowhere; when he does this, the true Light will shine: for, although a man in himself can do nothing, Christ in a man will do all things. The first and last lesson for us to learn is that "we can do nothing as of ourselves;" that Christ must do every thing, not *instead* of us, but *in* us and *by* us. Then the truth will dawn on us in all its clearness and in all its certainty, because we have come to "the Truth:" we shall have attained infallibility. Doubt, that arch-fiend, which must ever reside in the mind of the sincere as long as he seeks truth from himself or others, will be cast out, and he will attain to that power which nothing but certainty can give. Once let a sincere and earnest man be certain that he has the truth because he has Christ, and he will commence a career of improvement in his own mind, reformation in the world around him, to which it will be difficult to assign limits. It is the hesitancy and vacillation induced by a conscious want of absolute certainty that cripples the man of energy, and prevents the spiritual miracles he would otherwise work. Once let an earnest man be closely united to Christ by faith, and it is impossible to say what he may not do. "The same works that I do shall he do also; and greater works than these shall he do, because I go unto my Father;" and "yet not he, but Christ, that dwelleth in him." Such was Luther, such was Wesley, — men *certain* of their point; infallible men, as far as the object of their mission was concerned; infallible because in Christ.

In the vast realm of thought, where infinite questions arise, and doubt after doubt beclouds the mind which is in self, till it becomes a turbulent chaos or a stagnant death, the soul that is in Christ steers its steady way, answers every question, exorcises every doubt by the simple name of Jesus.

"Not all the powers of hell can fright
A soul that walks with Christ in light;
It walks, and cannot fall:
Clearly it sees and wins its way,
Shining unto the perfect day,
And more than conquers all."

The holy word is now no longer an enigma to the truth-finder, perplexing his mind, and filling it with still greater doubts; but he has found the key which unlocks all its mysteries, — the golden key of Jesus' love. Does any difficult text present itself; a light from the cross streams on it, and makes it transparent. Does any question as to its doctrine arise; he goes to his teacher, and is answered straightway. At length he discovers, to his joy, that the whole of the New Testament is but Christ himself embodied in the word; that he himself is the word; its precepts, Jesus' life; its doctrines, Jesus' faith; its Gospels, Jesus in the flesh; its Acts and Epistles, Jesus in the spirit; its cross, Jesus everywhere, and Jesus now; the whole book, Jesus floating into the soul on the wing of the word. Ah! excellent concentration, halcyon rest, when every doubt is hushed on the bosom of Christ; when the thoughts, those emissaries of the soul, that used to wander through the length and breadth of the desert, seeking rest and finding none, are now all recalled, and flow in one full, glorious stream into Jesus, and he into us! — he, the blessed heart of the believer, receiving the exhausted human tide, and returning it full of life and joy. The New Testament, from beginning to end, is a revelation of love alone, in a thousand varied forms, suited to the thousand varieties of mind; and love alone can interpret it. Even its awful condemnations are the fiery scourges with which love would drive the impenitent back to God.

The truth-finder, in search of an earthly tabernacle in which to worship God, turns to Christendom; and what does he see there? A war of sects, a Babel of tongues; and, when he listens earnestly to discover the cause of such dispute, he finds it all resolved into the philosophy of Christianity, — into the question, *how* Christ saves man. He sees professing Christians striving, with curious, scientific eye, to *analyze* the everlasting waters, instead of drinking, and thirsting not again. He says to all the war, "Is Christ divided? Was Paul crucified for you?" He knows that the presence of division proves the absence of Christ; and that, although there may be battle *for* the Holy Land, there can be none *in* it. He looks amid all the contending camps to see if any do at least "love one *another*," there to pitch his tent, knowing that they must have the best theology who have the greatest love. He looks forward with glistening eye to the coming day of that universal church, whose only theology shall

be Christ, whose members shall desire nothing more nor better than to be Christians. He looks upward to that Jesus who often, even now, floods his soul with peace, but whom he confidently expects soon to see face to face, the head of the church triumphant, his own infallible truth there as here, his future and eternal heaven.

E. S.

 NOT YET.

Not yet for thee, O weary one!
 Is the grave-rest thou prayest for:
 Life's crown of victory is not won;
 The stern, sad conflict is not o'er.

Thou canst not put away from thee
 The thorny wreath that binds thy brow:
 Though bitter anguish throb beneath,
 Thou canst not still the suffering now.

Look upward, with a holy trust,
 To Him who *wept* at human grief;
 Accept the pain; and, when its end
 Is gained, his love shall send relief.

Though rough the way that thou must go,
 His angels shall be with thee still,
 Guarding thee in each hour of woe,
 Till finished is his holy will.

Thou canst not know the wise design
 Hidden behind the dark decree,
 Or know what joy the hand divine
 Out from the gloom may bring to thee.

Lift up thy face, e'en though it be
 With thy continual weeping wet;
 With courage arm thy drooping soul,
 E'en though the victory come not yet.

A. E. F.

CAIRD'S SERMON.

MR. CAIRD'S Sermon, preached at Cathie, has just been published by royal command. It is no secret that the Queen and Prince, after hearing it, read it in manuscript, and expressed themselves no less impressed, in reading it, by the soundness of its views, than they had been in listening to it by its extraordinary eloquence. Our perusal of it has strongly confirmed us in the views we have expressed as to the share which Mr. Caird's manner has in producing the *effect* with which his discourses tell upon any audience. The sermon is, indeed, an admirable one; accurate, and sometimes original in thought; illustrated with rare profusion of imagery, all in exquisite taste, and expressed in words scarcely one of which could be altered or displaced but for the worse. But Mr. Caird could not publish his voice and manner; and, in wanting these, the sermon wants the first, second, and third things which conduce to its effect when delivered. In May, 1854, Mr. Caird preached this discourse in the High Church, Edinburgh, before the commissioner who represents her majesty at the meetings of the General Assembly of the Scotch Church, and an exceedingly crowded and brilliant audience. Given there, with all the skill of the most accomplished actor, yet with a simple earnestness which prevented the least suspicion of any thing like acting, the impression it produced is described as something marvellous. Hard-headed Scotch lawyers, the last men in the world to be carried into superlatives, declared that never till then did they understand what effect could be produced by human speech.

Protestant Churchman.

 EDITOR'S COLLECTANEA.

Knowledge is Power. By CHARLES KNIGHT. Gould and Lincoln. — The purpose of this volume is to show the connection of industry, mechanics, and the productive powers of society generally, with the advancement of civilization, and the conquests of the kingdom of man, rather than to make them illustrations of the attributes of God. Incidentally, many of the branches of political economy come in for discussion. Mr. Knight

is the intelligent editor of the "Penny Magazine" and "Penny Cyclopædia;" and his treatise is here edited, and adapted to this country, by David A. Wells, Esq., well known as the editor of the "Annual of Scientific Discovery," and other works.

Theologia Germania. Andover: W. F. Draper. Boston: J. P. Jewett and Co. — We are glad, and hundreds of others will be, to see this curious and rich treasury of spiritual reflections and aspirations in a convenient and portable form for a *vade mecum*. Quite an imposing list of names has, from time to time, become associated with it. Martin Luther, who first found it out, brought it to general knowledge, without discovering to what writer among the order of the "Friends of God" it should be referred, published the first edition in 1516. Dr. Pfeiffer edited it from a complete MS. found at Wurtemberg in 1850, dated 1497. It was translated from the German by Susanna Winkworth. Charles Kingsley wrote a preface. Chevalier Bunsen sends a letter, which is inserted, to Mr. Kingsley; and Rev. Dr. Calvin E. Stowe prefixes an introduction for Americans. Nothing better can be said of it than what Luther said, that, "next to the Bible and St. Augustine, no book hath ever come into my hands whence I have learnt more of what God and Christ and man and all things are." Bunsen puts it before Augustine. "It saith very lofty and lovely things touching a perfect life."

Memoir of Reginald Heber, D.D. By his Widow. J. P. Jewett and Co. — A convenient, obtainable, and at the same time satisfactory, biography of Bishop Heber was greatly wanted; and that want is here supplied from the best source, in an abridgment of the extensive original memoir. By it, the pure name of this devoted apostle will be yet more widely spread. It will make him known as the self-denying missionary, the humble believer, the sincere servant of the Crucified, no less than as the light of the church in the East, the Oriental scholar, and the singer of sweet hymns. It must be a bad heart that is not made better in tracing the touching story of his conscientious and godly labors.

Lockhart's Spanish Ballads. — Whittmore, Niles, and Hall, making another good choice, issue a new and very neat edition of these charming and spirited compositions, with the author's own critical introduction, and a brief biographical notice of him by the hand of a Boston writer.

The Theology of Inventions. By Rev. JOHN BLAKELY. Robert Carter and Brothers. — The laudable design is, taking the Crystal Palace for a starting-point, to trace out the tokens of Divine Wisdom and Love in the character and circumstances of the

great scientific and industrial developments of this age ; to ascribe mechanical and inventive achievements to their original source in the Creator ; and to draw practical religious lessons out of the progress of the useful arts. It is a kind of supplement to the " Bridgewater Treatises," — a good book for hackneyed sermon-writers ; and it is a wonder nobody thought of it before.

Rogers's Table-Talk. D. Appleton and Co. — One cannot quarrel with so innocent and venerable a thing as the general agreement to praise a kind and wholesome old gentleman, surrounded by tasteful appointments, and generously patronizing poor authors, to laugh at his indifferent jokes, or to call his commonplace verses poetry. There are worse things in the world than this. And it would speak poorly for human gratitude, if, of all the travellers and guests entertained, first and last, at the æsthetic banker's breakfast-table, none had been found to make the most of his talents. Should they serve him as Mr. Choate did, — who, announcing his " Last Days " as the subject of a metropolitan lecture, only remotely alluded to him two or three times in the course of the performance, and mentioned, so far as we remember, no one quality of the man or his writings, — they would perhaps be commended as much for skill in handling a matter as for deliberation in taking hold of it. This book of " Table-Talk " has some clever, gossiping anecdotes and amusing comments about eminent and obscure people ; but its reputation is factitious and overdone.

Poems by Charles Kingsley. Ticknor and Fields. — " The Saint's Tragedy " is something that few living men could have written ; yet Kingsley is scarcely one of the few first living poets. His genius does not take naturally to numbers. There is original power in all he does ; and his versatility is great, as his novels alone would show. He has here managed a difficult and strange subject with astonishing vigor, and connected it, as he does every thing, with the life of these times. It is difficult to imagine a greater contrast than that between these highly wrought creations, and the simple, earnest sermons preached by the author to the village people. Maurice has affixed a vindictory preface.

Memoir of Rev. James Chisolm. By DAVID HOLMES CONRAD. — Could the secret record, known only to God, of the scenes of glorious self-sacrifice, and the acts of disinterested charity, which occurred in Portsmouth and Norfolk during the visitation of the pestilence a year ago, be laid open, we have no doubt the world would resound with enthusiastic admiration. Such, at any rate, is the nature of the feelings awakened in us by reading this simple, unpretending story of one of the noble sufferers. There could

not have been many braver or more faithful among all the host. Indeed, it is not often that we meet with the picture of a life of more unblemished and perfect beauty. The New-England youth, born close by us, educated at Cambridge, of singularly gentle dispositions and unpretending manners, holding fast to the end these mild and lovely traits, nevertheless shows a firmness and a courage rarely equalled on any field of battle, and goes to his grave one of the great conquerors and heroes of all the ages. It is the simple victory of Christian goodness, love, faith. We advise every reader to do his heart the benefit of becoming acquainted with this plain, hastily prepared volume. It is published by the "Episcopal Society for the Promotion of Evangelical Knowledge," but may probably be found at the bookstores generally.

Monaldi. By WASHINGTON ALLSTON. Ticknor and Fields. — The graceful creation of a genuine artist's imagination, working aside from its usual course, yet working, as such an imagination always would, with gracefulness, with power, and to fine issues. It is quite probable Allston could never have written tragedies of the same relative rank with his pictures; yet it is interesting to trace the action of such a mind in any intellectual effort. We recall the attraction this story had for us a dozen or more years ago, and still value its wise illustrations — worthy of a true artist, — of the misery of an inordinate love of praise, with envy and jealousy attending it, and of the honor of a love of excellence for its own sake.

The American Pulpit. By HENRY FOWLER. New York: J. M. Fairchild and Co. Boston: Crosby, Nichols, and Co. — Here are sketches of twenty-one preachers of the United States, selected as representing certain peculiar phases of theological opinion, styles of oratory, or ministerial fortunes. The author has shown industry in collecting materials, skill in arranging them, and ingenuity in connecting the personal peculiarities of the subjects with general ideas. Much is done to enliven the narratives by animated descriptions and comparisons; and characteristic extracts are given from the sermons or other productions of the several men. The work is a handsome octavo, and, being calculated to interest so many large circles of friends of the parties described, will probably have a great sale. There are several engraved portraits.

De Quincey's Memorials. 2 vols. Ticknor and Fields. — Every thing from De Quincey is remarkable, we might almost say wonderful. Every subject grows new and impressive — and, most of all, the slightest subjects — under the touch of his imperious,

self-confident, yet reverential and original, genius. Doubtless there are degrees of greatness in his compositions; but we have yet to see the first which does not bear the unmistakable stamp. These two volumes contain the well-known "Klosterheim," "Sphinx's Riddle," "Templars' Dialogues," "Pagan Oracles," "Oxford," "Orphan Heiress," "Revolution of Greece," and some explanatory notices of the author fitted to this republication, which already extends to a library of volumes.

The West Church and its Ministers. Crosby, Nichols, and Co. — Such occasions as the "Fiftieth Anniversary of the Ordination of Rev. Dr. Charles Lowell" do not occur very often. When they happen, they yield a pleasure of a purer and holier character than almost any of the public demonstrations of these public and demonstrative modern times. In this instance, all the proceedings, as recorded in the work before us, were conducted with an order, dignity, and beauty quite worthy of the eminent and venerable senior pastor, of his accomplished and affectionate colleague, and of the ancient parish, so happy and so blessed in its ministers. Within a very few years, in connection with the publication of his volume of sermons, our pages have contained earnest and reverential tributes to the devoted servant whose half-century of time has been so honorably completed. His heart is still young, while the body grows old; and his interest in the living questions affecting the rights of humanity to-day is as fresh as ever, finding frequent and hearty expressions.

Rev. Mr. Bartol has seized on the natural opportunity afforded him by the celebration just referred to, to open the history of the West Church, and, with his vivid rhetoric, fine discrimination, and pious memory, to set before us again the stately figures of the former ministers. So Dr. Howard, Dr. Mayhew, and William Hooper, are called up to speak once more; and the stirring days they lived in are reproduced. It is a good service; and it is done as only this doer could do it.

Vassal Morton. By FRANCIS PARKMAN. Phillips, Sampson, and Co. — A native historian, accomplished and successful, here tries his hand at fiction. The scene is laid in our time, and largely in — almost a hazardous experiment — our own neighborhood. The story opens among undergraduates at Cambridge, and runs on through various fortunes and travels, displaying the characters of a group of young men as they open and ripen. The author is more successful with his men than with women. The order of events is so constructed as to keep up a lively interest. The style is animated, and sometimes picturesque, without rising

often into eloquence. Indeed, it is a novel of character and incident, more than of philosophy or reflection. It will be extensively read; and we hope, ourselves, to be able to give it a more thorough examination than is now possible for us, having received it only just as we go to press.

Colomba. By PROSPER MERIMEE. Translated from the French. Boston: Phillips, Sampson, and Co. 1856. — This book presents us, in the novelistic form, with a lively, vivid, and apparently truthful account of the national manners and life of Corsica, — especially of those family feuds between the islanders, which, handed down from father to son, occasion such dark deeds of murder and revenge. The plot is simple; the characters are well drawn; the style pleases from its simple brevity, and freedom from all exaggeration; good taste prevails throughout; so that, while the book teaches no high lesson of any sort, and treats quite freely of private assassinations, it must still interest a large class of readers, and, as giving insight into Corsican life, is perhaps of more value than a small library of "books of travel" in the wild, strangely-customed, sea-encircled birth-island of Bonaparte.

Home-Studies. By REBECCA A. UPTON. Boston: Crosby, Nichols, and Co. 1856. — This book purports to be an historical, philosophical, and philological manual of the science of cookery, in all its branches. The authoress says, "My principal object has been to bring into the compass of one small volume such information as may be useful to both housekeeper and gardener, whether residing in village, country, or city." The terms used in the culinary art are arranged alphabetically, and under each is given much valuable information about the nature of the esculent, meat, or fish named, and the process of cooking them. The book must afford much valuable assistance to the young housekeeper, ambitious to be honorably distinguished for the excellence of her cuisine.

A Lecture on the Pleasures and Vices of the City. By Rev. Dr. E. B. HALL, of Providence, R. I. — In the faithful exercise of his office, as a moral teacher, Dr. Hall delivered this eloquent discourse as a Sunday-evening lecture; and it is published by request. It is a bold and thorough protest against the foul iniquities and the fashionable temptations that beset and pollute our social life. If it is in the power of the pulpit to achieve any thing in reforming the bad by direct moral appeals, such addresses as this must be useful; and their benefits are not less in "stirring up the pure mind by way of remembrance."

MONTHLY RECORD.

In a treatise on "Popular Astronomy," by Arago, just published in London, there is a chapter which shows that the ancients were not only acquainted with glass, but knew also the magnifying effects of curved glass. In illustration of this, a curious fact is mentioned, which we give in the author's words: "There is in our cabinet of medals a seal, said to have belonged to Michael Angelo, the fabrication of which, it is said, ascends to a very remote epoch, and upon which fifteen figures have been engraved in a circular space of fourteen millimètres in diameter. *These figures are not all visible to the naked eye.*" As a further witness to the same fact, it is mentioned that Sir David Brewster showed to the British Association a plate of rock crystal, worked into the form of a lens, which was recently found among the ruins of Nineveh. Sir David maintained that this lens was used for optical purposes.

Recent and horrible cases of poisoning in England, in which nearly a score of persons have fallen victims to one destroyer, evince either an almost unheard-of monomania, or the existence of a diabolical malignity which all our boasted civilization has not exorcised.

"To the maxim, *De mortuis nil nisi bonum*, should be tacked, *et nil nisi verum*, which would spare many a helpless tombstone a load of falsehood, and the public many a fulsome funeral oration."

The commission for cutting a canal across the Isthmus of Suez, from Suez to Pelusia, have returned, and report that the work is one of easy execution.

The police of Berlin have forbidden the newspapers of the capital to admit advertisements of persons pretending to want wives and husbands, such announcements being contrary to propriety. They are often snares for the unwary.

The enormous extent to which Liverpool has become a place of tran-

sit, may be indicated by the fact that goods to the value of five hundred millions of dollars annually pass through it.

M. Noel Lemion, of Lyons, France, has lately published a book entitled a "Demonstration of the Impotence of Protestantism to promote the Happiness of the People." Pius IX. has addressed a letter of congratulation and encouragement, with the apostolic benediction, to the man who has courageously undertaken to make such a demonstration. His holiness says, "It is very timely at the present moment to refute those who complain of the condition of Catholic countries, and to show that they are in want of nothing which tends to promote the real happiness of the people."

Many American travellers have a lively remembrance of a visit to the crypts of the Pantheon, in Paris, where repose the remains of Voltaire and Rousseau. As this edifice is now a place of Catholic worship, under the name of St. Genevieve, the fact that these arch-heretics lie under the altars where Jesuits officiate has from the first been a mortifying remembrance, and a perpetual scandal to the church. The difficulty has in part been obviated by dividing the tombs "by a wall from the crypts to the church." So it is stated; though we do not exactly understand what this means. "Walled off!" says the London "Athenæum." "The next move will be to wall them up."

In a report lately published by Rev. F. D. Maurice, Principal of the Working-men's College, London, it is stated that the attendance for five terms was as follows: 145, 155, 158, 174, 233. The occupations of the attendants embraced every class of handicraft business, — carpenters, cabinet-makers, upholsterers, gilders, woodturners, bootmakers, tailors, machinists, jewellers. The college is out of debt, but is not entirely self-supporting. Cambridge, Oxford, and Sheffield have similar institutions.

JAMES MUNROE & CO.**134, WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON,**

AND

Lyceum Building, Cambridge, Mass.

PUBLISHED, AND HAVE IN PRESS:

CONVERSATION: ITS FAULTS AND ITS GRACES. Compiled by Rev. ANDREW P. PEABODY, D.D. CONTENTS: An Address, by Dr. Peabody; A Lecture, by Francis French; A Word to the Wise, by Parry Gwynne; and Mistakes and Improprieties in Speaking and Writing Corrected. — New edition, with additions. 16mo. 50 cents.

GEOLOGICAL FACTS; or, The Crust of the Earth: What it is, and What are its Uses. By Rev. W. G. BARRETT. 16mo, cuts. In press.

SUNBEAM STORIES; containing the following popular tales: A Trap to catch a Sunbeam; Only, a Tale for Young and Old; A Merry Christmas; The Dream-Chintz; Old Jolliffe; The Sequel to Old Jolliffe; The Cloud with the Silver Lining; The Star in the Desert. 16mo, illustrated. \$1.

PLEASANT MEMORIES OF PLEASANT LANDS. By Mrs. L. H. SIGOURNEY. Third, revised edition, with additions. Two steel plates. 16mo. \$1.25.

SCENES AND SCENERY IN MY NATIVE LAND. By Mrs. L. H. SIGOURNEY. Two steel plates. 16mo. \$1.25.

WRITINGS OF FENELON. Selections from the Writings of Fenelon; with a Memoir of his Life, by Mrs. FOLLEN. Steel portrait. Sixth edition. 16mo. \$1.

ECKERMANN'S CONVERSATIONS. Conversations with Goethe in the Last Years of his Life. Translated from the German of Eckermann, by Miss S. M. FULLER. New edition. 16mo. \$1.

MERRY MOUNT; a Romance of the Massachusetts Colony. By J. L. MOTLEY, author of "The Dutch Republic." 2 vols. 12mo. \$1.25.

HELEN AND EMMA; a Comparative Tale. By a Lady. In press.

SUNLIGHT IN THE CLOUDS. 1 vol. 16mo.

THE SHOEMAKER'S DAUGHTER. 1 vol. 16mo.

HUMAN LIFE; or, Practical Ethics. Translated from the German of DE WETTE, by Rev. S. OSGOOD, D.D. 2 vols. 12mo. New edition. \$2.

THEODORE; or, The Sceptic's Conversion. History of a Protestant Clergyman. Translated from the German of DE WETTE, by Rev. JAMES F. CLARKE. 2 vols. 12mo. \$2.

THE MAGIC WORD, and other Poems. By ALTON. 16mo. 75 cents.

A THOUGHT-BOOK OF THE WISE SPIRITS OF ALL AGES AND ALL COUNTRIES, for all Men and all Hours. With Preface by Rev. A. H. VINTON, D.D. 16mo. 62 cents.

A TRIFOLIUM; a Series of Original Compositions. By HENRY W. CARSTENS. 16mo. 62 cents.

FRIENDS IN COUNCIL; a Series of Readings, and Discourse thereon. By the author of "Companions of my Solitude," &c., &c. 2 vols. 16mo. Second edition. \$1.50.

COMPANIONS OF MY SOLITUDE. By the author of "Friends in Council," &c., &c. 16mo. 75 cents.

FLOWER, FRUIT, & THORN PIECES. By JEAN PAUL RICHTER. Translated from the German. 2 vols. 16mo. \$2.

WALT AND VULT; or, The Twins. Translated from RICHTER, by Mrs. LEE. 2 vols. 16mo. \$2.

New Publications

OF

CROSBY, NICHOLS, & CO.

111, WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON.**Dr. Gilman's Miscellanies.**

CONTRIBUTIONS TO LITERATURE; Descriptive, Critical, Humorous, Biographical, Philosophical, and Poetical. By Rev. SAMUEL GILMAN, D.D. 1 vol. 12mo. Price \$1.50.

"Dr. Gilman is a native of this Commonwealth; but for many years he has resided in Charleston, South Carolina, where he has filled the pulpit of the Unitarian Church with great acceptance. During his long and faithful service as a minister, he has yet found opportunity to contribute something to the periodical literature of the day; and, in the handsome volume before us, we have the gathered fruits of many years." — *Traveller*.

"A collection for whose entertaining and instructive character the name of the author is a sufficient guaranty. Profound or gay, as an essayist, reviewer, or poet, he adorns whatever subject he touches." — *Atlas*.

New Volume by Madame Ossoli.

AT HOME AND ABROAD; or, Things and Thoughts in America and Europe. By MARGARET FULLER OSSOLI, author of "Women in the Nineteenth Century," &c., &c. Edited by her Brother, Rev. ARTHUR B. FULLER. 1 vol. 12mo. Price \$1.50.

"The volume now announced, we may venture to predict, will deserve to be classed with the most acceptable books of travels of any country or age." — *New-York Journal of Commerce*.

"This is a book which needs no commendation; for we are confident that it will command the attention of every one who begins to read it." — *Transcript*.

Mr. Heywood's Memoir of Taggart.

A MEMOIR OF REV. CHARLES MANSON TAGGART, late Colleague-Pastor of the Unitarian Church in Charleston, S.C. By Rev. JOHN H. HEYWOOD. With a Selection from his Sermons, and a fine Portrait. 1 vol. 12mo.

A New Wedding Gift.

BUDS FOR THE BRIDAL-WREATH. 18mo. Price 37½ cents plain; gilt, 50 cents.

*A liberal discount allowed to clergymen who purchase for distribution.

"Every word seems to be spoken out of a deep and tender heart. The highest and most spiritual appreciation of wedlock is manifested throughout. Such views are urgently needed to correct the false habits, the flippant speech, the levity and coldness, which too often degrade and chill married life in all ranks of society." — *Monthly Magazine*.

THOUGHTS TO HELP and TO CHEER.

A beautiful Book of Devotion, with a Text, a Meditation, and a Poetical Extract, for every day in the year. 16mo. Price \$1.

"The most perfect book of the kind that has ever been published. The most beautiful gems of Christian thought and lyrical utterance are here strung together; and none can read them from day to day without being made better and happier." — *Star of the West*.

THE ELEMENTS OF CHARACTER.

By MARY G. CHANDLER. Third thousand. 16mo.

"There is in this a vein of moral beauty and purity which is truly delightful in these days of trashy novels and romances." — *New-York Journal of Commerce*.

Valuable Books,

PUBLISHED BY

JOHN P. JEWETT AND COMPANY,

117, WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON.

Allen's History of India.

INDIA, ANCIENT AND MODERN, GEOGRAPHICAL, HISTORICAL, POLITICAL, AND RELIGIOUS; with a Particular Account of the State and Prospects of Christianity. By DAVID O. ALLEN, D.D., Missionary of the American Board for twenty-five years in India, Member of the Bombay Branch of the Royal Asiatic Society, and Corresponding Member of the American Oriental Society. 8vo, 618 pages. Price \$2.

This elegant octavo volume is from the pen of one of the most learned men who have ever resided in India. It is a work of great research, and without doubt the most complete and reliable ever published on this interesting portion of the world.

SCHAMYL, THE HERO OF CIRCAS-

SIA; with a Full Account of the Twenty Years' War with Russia. By J. MILTON MACKIE, Esq., author of "Cosas De Espana." 1 vol. 12mo. Price 75 cents.

The elegant pen of Mr. Mackie has given to this volume all the charm of a romance. The reader is introduced to one of the boldest, bravest, and most successful military heroes of modern times; to the beautiful women so celebrated in song; to a country of charming landscapes and fertile fields; while the story of their twenty years' resistance to the armed hordes of the Russian empire exhibits a courage and bravery scarcely equalled in the history of any nation. God grant them deliverance from Russian despotism!

THE CATHOLIC LETTERS, addressed to a Young Kinsman about to join the Church of Rome. By E. HASKETT DERBY, Esq. 1 vol. 12mo. Price 75 cents.

These Letters, covering the whole Catholic question, are, without doubt, the most able and learned resumé of this subject ever given to the world.

The arguments and the conclusions are masterly and irresistible; and strange as it may seem for an eminent lawyer to leave Blackstone and Coke, and for a time bend the whole energies of his mind, with that keen sagacity peculiar to the legal profession, to an exhausting research among the tomes of the Fathers of Theology, still, the service which he has rendered to the cause of truth, and the fact that his labors resulted in changing for life the course of a beloved kinsman, who would otherwise have joined the Church of Rome, will ever be a cause of gratitude.

Rev. Dr. PRABODY, in a note to Mr. Derby, after a careful reading of the proof-sheets, uses the following language: "Your main argument, it seems to me, is to the point, and overwhelmingly conclusive. I hope, and do not doubt, that it will do much good; while it is honorable to yourself, both as a parent and a scholar."

We believe this work is destined to become a *Text-book for Protestants*,—a *va-de-mecum* of unanswerable arguments against the falsehoods of Romanism.

20,000 in One Month.

ERNEST LINWOOD.

BY MRS. CAROLINE LEE HENTZ.

Although but a single month has passed since the first copy of this brilliant book was issued, yet so great has been the demand for the last and most beautiful work from the pen of its lamented authoress, that we are now printing the *Twentieth Thousand*, with an unabated demand still pressing us. Since the days of the Lamplighter, no book has sold so rapidly, or become so universally popular.

Col. FULLER, of the "New-York Mirror," in one of the most elegant articles ever penned in regard to authors or their productions, uses the following strong and beautiful language:—

"In the volume entitled 'Ernest Linwood,' just issued by Jewett & Co., of Boston, we have the dying song of the elegant and gifted Mrs. Caroline Lee Hentz. Mournfully sweet, like the sigh of an Eolian lyre, yet deep and oracular as the voice of many waters, it seems to have been poured forth while her soul floated down to the Ocean of Rest. On almost every page we can trace the shadow of the Death-Angel, who bore her away when her song was ended. Mysterious gleams from beneath the uplifting veil of Spirit-Land startle us as we read. The book is a broadcast farewell, a lingering hand-grasp from one we loved. If we mistake not, its most impressive passages are revelations of the inner life of the writer,—wonderfully vivid and absorbing, because wonderfully real.

"We will not attempt to follow out, in this notice, the thread of an inimitable tale: in so doing, we should only anticipate scenes and events which come with beautiful linkings and fine effect before the eye of the reader. We would not rob the book of half its charm.

"Sweet Gabriella Lynn will tell her own story."

15,000 Published!

THE PHYSIOLOGY OF MARRIAGE.

By an Old Physician and Married Man.

This work is meeting with great favor. Everybody should read it,—Male, Female, Married, and Unmarried. Price 75 cents.

Second Robinson Crusoe.

PETER GOTT, the Cape-Ann Fisherman.

1 vol. 12mo. Price 75 cents.

A story scarcely second in interest to Robinson Crusoe. Written by Dr. J. REYNOLDS. Depleting the life of a Fisherman at Sea and on Shore, the manner of taking the various kinds of Fish which swim between the Grand Banks and Florida, and detailing the innumerable dangers and hardships to which those hardy sons of toil are subjected, how they share their fares, and the mode of life of their families while husbands, sons, and brothers are absent, fishing. This is opening a new vein most emphatically. We are not aware that it has ever been written upon before. The book has all the fascination of a romance while dealing with the stern realities of life. No person can read it without being interested and instructed.

ERNEST LINWOOD.

"Death darkens his eye, and unplumes his wings;
But the sweetest song is the last he sings."

In the volume entitled "Ernest Linwood," just issued by Jewett and Co., of Boston, we have the dying song of the elegant and gifted Mrs. CAROLINE LEE HENTZ. Mournfully sweet, like the sigh of an *Æolian* lyre, yet deep and oracular as the voice of many waters, it seems to have been poured forth while her soul floated down to the Ocean of Rest. On almost every page we can trace the shadow of the Death-Angel, who bore her away when her song was ended. Mysterious gleams from beneath the uplifting veil of Spirit-Land startle us as we read. The book is a broadcast farewell, a lingering hand-grasp from one we loved. If we mistake not, its most impressive passages are revelations of the inner life of the writer, — wonderfully vivid and absorbing, because wonderfully real.

We will not attempt to follow out, in this notice, the thread of an inimitable tale: in so doing, we should only anticipate scenes and events which come with beautiful linkings and fine effect before the eye of the reader. We would not rob the book of half its charm.

Sweet Gabriella Lynn will tell her own story. Warm tears will spring into bright eyes as they look upon the dream-child — the impassioned schoolgirl — standing beneath the "beetling brows" of the powerful preceptor, to hear sentence pronounced upon her first written dream of poetry. The panting of that heart when the taunting criticism fell, the sudden spring, the snatching of the manuscript, the flight into the woods, the passionate outburst upon the greener turf, the blessed ministrations of a gentle, sad-eyed mother, will carry many a heart back to the shadows of school-days, and the rich sunlight of home.

We linger over the exquisite picture of the Child Gabriella, peering with deep eyes into the mist that surrounded her, and vainly seek with her to fathom the mystery of life. We look with her and the pitying angels upon the classic face of her dead mother, Rosalie, and wonder at the mystery of death. We follow her to the end; for she is the one silver thread always visible: every scene is a reality, and each succeeding scene more real, more luminous, than the last. The writer seems to gather power and inspiration as she advances, pouring out her life, like the dying swan, in strains of painful sweetness. Very sad and significant is the testimony she has left us of the mockery of a life-toil for fame. Read it, all ye who seek for happiness in a chaplet of laurels.

To touch the electric wire, and feel the bolt scathing one's own brain; to speak, and hear the dreary echo of one's voice return through the desert waste; to enter the temple, and find nothing but ruins and desolation; to lay a sacrifice on the altar, and see no fire from heaven descend in token of acceptance; to stand, the priestess of a lonely shrine, uttering oracles to the unheeding wind, — is not such too often the doom of those who have looked to fame as their heritage?

The characters in this book are drawn with masterly skill. Each has an individuality and a relative importance, without which the story would be incomplete. No unnatural, diabolical agent drags its slimy length along its pages, but we are held spell-bound by the delineations of a fault, and the natural consequences of

a fault, which develops itself at every turn in life. "Ernest Linwood," — the lordly in intellect, the peerless in beauty and manhood, — whose "eyes, with a thousand meanings," gaze into our very souls, is made the temple of the unhallowed passion of jealousy. Its purple light, at intervals, towers above every noble element of his nature; but, with the gentle Gabriella, we always pity, always forgive; and he is at last lifted, by sorrowful lessons and earnest prayers, from his inglorious thralldom.

Margaret Melville, or "Meg the Dauntless," is a life-like, genuine character, — the rarest spice of the tale, though she does come in always at *unreasonable* hours. We like her, notwithstanding her holdenish eccentricities. What she says of the modern passion for mysticism will answer for a description of herself: —

"It is the fashion, the paroxysm, — German literature, German taste, and German transcendentalism. I have tried them all; but they will not do for me. I must have sunshine and open air. I must see where I am going, and what I am doing. I abhor mysticism as I do deceit."

The religious tone of this work is its crown and halo. The graces of the true Christian are beautifully marked in the character of Mrs. Linwood; and recognition of an overruling Power is everywhere apparent. Of an earthly love, unanctified by the great Source of love, Gabriella feelingly says, —

"Woe to her, who, forgetting this heavenly union, bathes her heart in the earthly stream, without seeking the living Spring whence its flows; who worships the fire-ray that falls upon the altar, without giving glory to Him from whom it descended! The stream will become a stagnant pool, exhaling pestilence and death; the fire-ray will kindle a devouring flame, destroying the altar with the gift; and the heart a *burning bush*, that will blaze for ever without consuming."

Her description of Niagara, in its brevity, suggestiveness, and intensity, surpasses any thing we have seen: —

"The grandest of Creation's mysteries, whose deep and thundering voice is repeating day after day, night after night, 'for ever and ever, and whose majestic motion, rushing onward, plunging downward, never pausing, never resting, is emblematic of the sublime march of Deity from everlasting to everlasting, from eternity to eternity!'"

Let those who are accustomed to give voice and wings to scandalous gossip, hiding beneath the broad garments of an irresponsible "They say," — let such find in the book, "Ernest Linwood," their unmasked and hideous faces: —

"They say! Who are they? Who are the cowed monks, the hooded friars, who glide with shrouded faces in the procession of life, muttering in an unknown tongue words of mysterious import? Who are they? The midnight assassins of reputation, who lurk in the byways of society, with dagger-tongues sharpened by invention and envenomed by malice, to draw the blood of innocence, and, hyena-like, banquet on the dead. Who are they? They are a multitude no man can number; black-stoled familiars of the Inquisition of Slander, searching for victims in every city, town, and village, wherever the heart of humanity throbs, or the ashes of mortality find rest. Give me the bold brigand, who thunders along the highways with flashing weapon, that cuts the sunbeams as well as the shades; give me the pirate, who unfurls the black flag, and shows the plank which your doomed feet must tread; but save me from the They-sayers of society, whose knives are hidden in a velvet sheath, whose bridge of death is woven of flowers, and who spread with invisible poison even the spotless whiteness of the winding-sheet."

The closing passage in this volume is a distinct prophecy, fulfilled, alas! before the delicate hand-tracings had passed into print. May we not believe that the spirit of this noble woman floats on the pathway of her last gift-jewel to earth, rejoicing in the pure light it radiates, and breathing in every beam a blessing and a prayer?

PROSPECTUS

OF THE

Monthly Religious Magazine

AND

INDEPENDENT JOURNAL,

EDITED BY PROF. F. D. HUNTINGTON, D.D.

AN addition to the name of this Publication, appearing on the titlepage of the present number, indicates rather principles which have gradually come to control its management, than any sudden change in the plan of conducting it, or in the character of the contents.

The Editor's endeavor is to make it enforce the duties, illustrate the truths, and strengthen the principles, of a practical, renewing, and cheerful Faith. His highest ambition respecting it is, that it should furnish interesting and improving reading for families, and, by a devout spirit, a sympathy with all the truly humane movements of the times, and a good measure of literary care, at once quicken the zeal and encourage the trust of those who are seeking to attain "the life that is hid with Christ in God." Besides original articles of a miscellaneous character, each number will contain a sermon, not before published.

It is the Publisher's intention to give to the Subscriber, in each number, twelve pages more than were promised at the beginning of the year. This enlargement makes room for a greater compass and variety in the articles than were allowed by our former limits. It seems needless to say that the "Religious Magazine and Independent Journal" sustains no representative relation to any sect or party; that it is held by no obligations to any special body of men; that it aims to recognize cordially the Christian truths held by different branches of the church; and that it would gladly serve the hopes and efforts which look toward a more perfect unity of faith and feeling among believers in Jesus Christ as the eternal Lord and Saviour of men, — the living Shepherd of a living fold.

Articles intended for publication in this work may be sent to the Publisher's Office, addressed to the Editor.

All communications relative to the business department must be directed to the Publisher.

TERMS.

The Magazine will be published on the first of every month, — each number to contain 72 pages royal octavo; making two volumes a year, of 432 pages each.

Single copies, \$3 a year, if paid in advance; \$1.75, half-year, in advance; \$3.50, if not paid within six months. Six copies to one address for \$15, payment in advance.

No subscription discontinued until all arrearages are paid. New subscribers can commence from the beginning of a volume, — January or July, — and be furnished with the back numbers accordingly.

Complete sets of the Work from the commencement, neatly bound in cloth, for sale at the subscription price. Subscribers furnished with the back volumes in exchange for the numbers, by paying the cost of binding.

LEONARD C. BOWLES, Publisher,

119, WASHINGTON STREET,

Boston.

PROSPECTUS

OF THE

Child's Friend & Family Magazine,

FOURTH SERIES.

PUBLISHED BY LEONARD C. BOWLES,

111, Washington Street, Boston.

THIS WORK is intended to supply Families with religious, moral, and instructive reading. It is adapted to young people of sixteen or seventeen, as well as to children; and each number will embrace articles suited to the various members of the home-circle. It will always include some direct religious teaching, — some article in relation to Sunday schools; together with biographies, or short sketches of the good and wise; the customs of different nations; the habits of animals, or anecdotes of their sagacity. The stories will be such as shall illustrate the evil consequences of sin, or of bad habits, and the best means of overcoming them, or such as shall display an example for imitation. We shall procure the best contributors in our power, and shall endeavor to make it an aid to parents in the training of their children, and an aid to the many children who find it hard to do what is right. Our sympathies follow the young through each step in their onward course; and our object will be accomplished if we help to give them higher views of duty, or strengthen in any degree the germ of goodness in their souls.

This Magazine is published monthly. Each number contains forty-eight pages, 12mo, embellished with a fine engraving or frontispiece; making two volumes a year of about 300 pages each.

TERMS. — \$3 per annum. Three copies, \$5.

. As the name of the lady who is the Editor of the "Child's Friend and Family Magazine" does not appear on its titlepage, it has seemed to the Publisher desirable and proper that some of her friends who know her qualifications should express to its subscribers their confidence in her abilities and good taste, — to serve as an introduction and testimonial, till acquaintance with her writings and mode of conducting the work shall have established a better and stronger ground of interest and attachment on the part of its readers. In furtherance of this object, we very cheerfully affix our names to this advertisement.

CHANDLER ROBBINS.
EPHRAIM PRABODY.
F. D. HUNTINGTON.
J. I. T. COOLIDGE.

The Independent;

A WEEKLY RELIGIOUS AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER

OF THE LARGEST CLASS.

Among its many Distinguished Writers are,—

REV. GEORGE B. CHEEVER, D.D., REV. HENRY WARD BEECHER, GOVERNOR LOUIS KOSUTH, DR. SOLOER, CHARLES L. BRACE, CLARENCE COOK, MRS. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE, ANNE H., MINNIE MYRTLE, and numerous others.

NO expense is spared to secure every variety of talent in the several departments of this paper. A large corps of Correspondents have been engaged, both at home and abroad. A full summary of Religious and General Intelligence is given. Also, weekly, an article on the Money Market and Commercial News. A full and complete Review of the Flour and Produce Market, and merchandise generally, together with that of the Cattle Market, is written weekly by an experienced man, expressly for this paper. Our Prices Current are also corrected up to the day of publication, and may be confidently relied upon for correctness. In short, the Proprietors are determined that "The Independent" shall be surpassed by no other paper for excellence and cheapness.

TERMS.

By MAIL, \$3.00 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE. Specimen-numbers sent gratis. Orders for the paper, accompanied by the money, addressed to the Publisher, and prepaid, will be considered at our risk. Subscriptions can commence with any number of the paper.

Advertisements, twelve and one-half cents a line for each insertion.

JOSEPH H. LADD, Publisher,

OFFICE, 22, BEEKMAN STREET,
New York.

STATE MUTUAL LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY OF WORCESTER.

INCORPORATED IN 1844.

Capital & Accumulation, \$250,000.

HON. ISAAC DAVIS, President.

HON. ENORY WASHBURN, Vice-President.

C. HARRIS, Esq., Secretary.

WM. DICKINSON, Esq., Treasurer.

THIS very successful Company, having accumulated a large surplus cash-capital, are issuing Policies at reduced rates of premium. Clergymen, students, and all others desirous of effecting insurance on their lives, are invited to examine the system adopted by this Company, before procuring policies in others, which may be valueless when such policies become claims. Policies issued, with permits to reside in Kansas, California, and Foreign Countries,—including several of the missionary stations,—in healthy localities. Pamphlets, containing all necessary information, Table of Rates, last Annual Report, &c., may be obtained on application, by mail or otherwise, to the Agents of the Company in most of the principal towns in New England; to the Secretary at Worcester; or at the Boston Office, No. 29, State Street.

JAMES D. KENT, Agent.

THE CONGREGATIONALIST.

THE CONGREGATIONALIST is a Religious Journal, published every Friday, at 120, Washington Street, Boston, and is conducted by Pastors of Congregational Churches in Boston and vicinity. It has a large and efficient corps of stated contributors,—Pastors of Congregational Churches. It has also an excellent Foreign Correspondence, enabling it to give regular, reliable, and readable letters from the Old World. It pays special attention to new books, and to all literary intelligence.

The Congregationalist expends more money for original contributions to its columns than any other New-England Religious Journal.

This Paper was established to meet the widely-felt want, in New England, of a Religious Weekly, speaking from the Congregational body, which should be open to the candid and courteous discussion of minor points of difference between brethren, and which, with a warm faith and a fraternal spirit, should speak the truth in love upon all matters of general interest to the church of Christ.

Its prosperity has steadily increased, and its prospects are now brighter than at any former period of its existence. Every thing promises its speedy arrival at a position of influence second to none, and a weekly circulation exceeding that of any, of its New-England contemporaries. To reach this desirable consummation, its proprietors are determined to spare no honorable effort. They propose to add to its present excellence in every judicious manner; and they are able to promise, during the present year, three additional features of special interest, viz.:—

1. A weekly exegetical article, which shall expound some difficult passage of Scripture in a manner so thorough as to repay the perusal of the best Biblical scholar; yet in a style so simple, as to interest and instruct the humblest reader.

2. A series of articles upon the *Principles and Practice of Congregationalism*, from a man entitled to speak with some confidence, and to be heard with profound respect.

3. A series of articles *historically reviewing the great Unitarian controversy*, in a manner to supply a want now widely felt, and to become a permanent and worthy memorial of that eventful period.

On application at this Office, a circular will be sent to any desired address, giving the details of our very favorable offers for the repayment of effort in obtaining new subscribers.

PRICE, \$2 per Annum, strictly in advance.

GALEN JAMES & CO., Publishers,

120, WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON.

April, 1856.

WM. P. TENNY & CO.

DEALERS IN

CARPETINGS

Of every Variety of Fabric and Quality.

HALL OVER MAINE RAILROAD DEPOT,

HAYMARKET SQUARE,

BOSTON.

REMOVAL.

JOHN COLLAMORE, JR. & CO.

IMPORTERS & DEALERS IN

Crockery, China, and Glass Ware.

Have Removed into their New Store,

190, WASHINGTON STREET,

(Opposite the Marlboro' Hotel.)

THE
BOSTON POST,
 THE PRESS AND POST,
 AND
 THE BOSTON STATESMAN AND
 WEEKLY POST,
 For 1856.

THE TERMS of our Journals for the ensuing year are, — For the DAILY POST, \$8; for the PRESS AND POST, semi-weekly (Mondays and Thursdays), \$4; and for the STATESMAN AND WEEKLY POST (Fridays), \$2.

These Journals are edited by CHARLES G. GREENE, and RICHARD FROTHINGHAM, jun.; employ a large corps of assistant editors, reporters, and correspondents; and neither labor nor expense is spared to make their columns valuable. They have been published nearly thirty years; have a range of subscription exceeded in extent and aggregate by no paper in New England; and so largely is their circulation increasing, that a NEW PRESS has been ordered, to enable the demand to be promptly supplied.

THE READING MATTER consists of a great variety of useful and entertaining matter. Its editorials, domestic and foreign correspondence, reports of lectures, marine department, daily monetary article and weekly financial review, literary notices, poetic contributions, and humorous matter, make variety designed to meet every taste.

THE ADVERTISING COLUMNS embrace an almost entire synopsis of the business of New England; and from that department of the paper alone can be obtained a correct impression of the character of trade, its facilities, and its operations; while the financial editorials give an accurate view of passing events in the commercial world.

THE PRESS AND POST is made from the DAILY's contents, and published every Monday and Thursday morning. It is clearly and handsomely printed on fine paper, in clear type; and the subscription is four dollars a year.

THE BOSTON STATESMAN AND WEEKLY POST forms a racy and complete record of the times, and contains the news of every description; in fact, a brief and comprehensive history of passing events, — foreign news in detail, domestic information, agricultural items, commercial and monetary articles, statements of trade, of the weather, of crops, &c.; accounts of meetings, political records, news of every description; poetry, pleasant reading matter, humorous items, epigrams; in fact, a complete family Newspaper, a vehicle for every species of useful and entertaining information; among which will be found, in each issue, a pleasing story. The STATESMAN is printed on the largest-sized paper, and on new and beautiful type. It has a very large circulation; and its rapidly increasing list is the best evidence of its popularity. It is supplied at the rate of two dollars a year for single subscriptions. Clubs, taking ten or more copies in one package, will be supplied at one dollar and a half a year.

THE COMMERCIAL DEPARTMENT of these Journals involves a large expenditure; contains varied and accurate reports as to all branches of trade; and is second to that of no paper published in New England.

These Journals are carefully conducted, and edited in a faith in Democratic principles, but in a spirit of conciliation to all parties. As advertising mediums, they are unsurpassed: penetrating, as they do, into such a variety of households scattered over the whole Union, and read, as they are, by all classes of the community, they furnish an opportunity for the diffusion of information which can scarcely be obtained elsewhere.

BEALS, GREENE, & CO.

19 & 21, Water Street, Boston.

The American Traveller.

PRICE REDUCED.

THE CASH-SYSTEM ADOPTED.

The Publishers of the TRAVELLER have decided to furnish their paper hereafter to Clubs at the following rates: —

Single copy	\$2.00
Two copies	3.00
Five copies	6.00
Ten copies	10.00
with one copy extra to the person getting up the Club.	
Twenty-five copies	20.00

Payment to be made in advance; and the papers will be sent to one address, and discontinued at the expiration of the time for which payment is received.

THE BOSTON TRAVELLER,

SEMI-WEEKLY,

Will also be supplied to Clubs as follows:

Single copy	\$3.00
Five copies	12.50
Ten copies	20.00

STIMULATED by the flattering countenance and generous approbation of the reading community, through which their Journal has so extensively circulated, the Publishers of the AMERICAN TRAVELLER have determined to withhold no efforts which pecuniary and industrial means can supply, not only to deserve the high estimation which their past labors have achieved, but to merit a more exalted appreciation and a still wider patronage, such as shall leave the American Traveller without a rival among its contemporaries. The liberality with which a discriminating public have heretofore responded to their enterprise, justifies the assurance, on the part of the Proprietors, that an increase of their endeavors to edify and entertain the reading community will meet with a commensurate increase of the already extensive circulation of the Traveller.

Our abundant means for obtaining News include the receipt of journals from abroad and the whole of our own wide-spread country; the unlimited use of the Magnetic Telegraph, through the various lines which centre in the Counting-Room of our Office; the communications of intelligent and faithful correspondents at every material foreign or domestic point; and an experienced corps of reporters for every passing event of interest of a more local description. Unparing efforts will always be made to reap the fullest advantages of these means, and to augment them as circumstances shall require.

THE LITERARY DEPARTMENT of the Traveller, which has received the steady commendation of its readers, and the public generally, for its careful and impartial notices and reviews of new books, such as may afford the reader a reliable and useful guide to the merits of the publications of our teeming book-press.

THE MISCELLANEOUS DEPARTMENT embraces an original or carefully selected tale, with original contributions from able writers on scientific topics, from which our readers may derive improvement in the mind and the affections.

THE COMMERCIAL INTERESTS. — In addition to the regular prices current, reviews of the market and shipping interest, weekly reports are given of the merchandise and the produce markets generally, and of the cattle-markets, made up by an experienced reporter expressly for the Traveller.

Agents supplied on reasonable terms.

THE DAILY EVENING TRAVELLER

Is published at Six Dollars a year in advance, and sold at Two Cents a copy. This pioneer two-cent paper maintains its ascendancy, and with its three daily editions, has an unsurpassed circulation, giving it superior advantages as an advertising medium.

WORTHINGTON, FLANDERS, & CO.

PUBLISHERS,

Traveller Buildings, State St., Boston.

SAMUEL T. CROSBY,

IMPORTER OF

RICH JEWELRY AND SILVER WARE,



SILVER TEA-SETS, FORKS, SPOONS, &c.

PINE WATCHES, CLOCKS, & PLATD WARES;

Also, Communion Service,

AT REASONABLE PRICES.

69, WASHINGTON STREET,

(Three doors south from Court Street.)

BOSTON.

Importers & Manufacturers.**S. H. GREGORY & CO.***Have constantly on hand a Choice Assortment of***FRENCH
PAPER-HANGINGS,**

Imported by them, and manufactured to their Order.

ALSO

AMERICAN PAPER-HANGINGS,*In Great Variety,*

OF THEIR OWN MANUFACTURE.

*All of which they offer at***WHOLESALE OR RETAIL,***On the most Reasonable Terms,*

AT

Nos. 23 & 25, COURT STREET,*(A few doors from Washington Street.)*S. H. GREGORY. }
C. W. ROBINSON. }

Boston.

**N.B. Papers furnished for Churches
at very low prices.****I. F. & J. C. RICHARDSON,
Gas-Fitters and Finishers,**

CORNER OF

WARREN & UNION STREETS,**ROXBURY;**

AND OPPOSITE THE POST OFFICE,

Jamaica Plain.**CHANDELIERS, PENDANTS, BRACKETS,****STEAM AND GAS PIPES,***Furnished at the Lowest Prices.***Also all kinds of Steam-Fittings for
Dwelling-houses, Churches, and
other Buildings, done at
Short Notice.**Orders from all parts of the United States
promptly executed in the best manner and on the most
favorable terms.**A. S. JORDAN,****Comb Manufacturer,****TOILET AND PERFUMERY STORE,****No. 191, WASHINGTON STREET,***(Six doors north of Bromfield Street.)***Sign of the Original Golden Comb.**

MANUFACTURER'S AGENT FOR

PROFESSOR WOOD'S HAIR RESTORATIVE;**W. A. BATCHELDER'S HAIR-DYE;****CLIREHUGH'S TRICOPHEROUS,**

FOR CLEANSING AND DRESSING THE HAIR;

MAGIC POLISH,A most beautiful Restorer of Varnished Articles, and
unsurpassed for cleansing Oil Paintings.**PROF. WOOD'S HAIR RESTORATIVE.**

Having sold the above article for the last year, and from our experience of twenty years in the sale of articles for this purpose, we have no hesitation in saying that it is the best and most reliable for the purpose of restoring the hair where it has been bald for years, and changing it to its original color. We have the liberty to refer to some most reliable persons of Boston (both ladies and gentlemen), who have had their hair restored and changed to its original color by the application of the Restorative.

*Agent for the N. E. States,***A. S. JORDAN, 191, WASHINGTON STREET.**

**WATERMAN'S
KITCHEN AND HOUSE FURNISHING
ROOMS.**

ESTABLISHED 1825.

The Pioneer of all similar Establishments in the Country

IN addition to his Extensive Assortment of KITCHEN
WARES and HOUSE-FURNISHING GOODS, he is Inventor
and Manufacturer of the following Articles :—

Patent Ventilated Refrigerator; Ditto Coffee-
Filter; Do. Broiler, or Upright Gridiron; Do.
Lamp Teakettle; Do. Towel-Stand; Do. Float-
ing Water-Filter; Do. Warm Footstool; Do.
Hand Shower-Bath; Do. Waffle-Iron; Do.
House-Lantern; Triangular Clothes-Frames;
Bathing-Pans; Infant's Bath; Sitting or Sitz
Baths, three sizes; Foot-Baths, Slop-Jars, &c.

The above-named are manufactured and for sale,
wholesale and retail, at

83 & 85, Cornhill, and 6 & 8, Brattle St.,

where all on the eve of Housekeeping will find it for
their advantage to call. Goods sent by my own teams
ten miles from the city, without charge. Catalogues
descriptive of the above, and containing a list of all
articles required in a family outfit, sent by mail when
requested.

JOHN D. FOWLE & CO.


MANUFACTURERS OF

**WINDOW-SHADES
AND FIXTURES,**

**352, WASHINGTON STREET,
(Hayward Block,) BOSTON.**

**Linens, Cottons, Patches, and every De-
scription of Shade-Goods, constantly
on hand.**

WIRE SCREENS PAINTED TO ORDER.

 Sole Agents for Bray's Patent Balance Spring Fix-
tures, and Webster's Patent Mosquito-Bars.

ANDREW PETERSON,

MANUFACTURER OF

**PLANISHED, PLAIN, AND JAPANNED
TIN WARE,**

238, WASHINGTON STREET,

CORNER OF CENTRAL COURT,

BOSTON,

AND 36, WASHINGTON STREET,

Cor. Williams Court, opposite Eastis Street,

ROXBURY.

ROBERT ANDREWS,

116, Washington St., Boston,

ENGRAVER, PLATE PRINTER, & LITHOGRAPHER,

Will execute all orders in the best manner,
and on the most favorable terms.

CARDS — Marriage, Address, and Business — neatly
engraved and printed.

BENT & BUSH,

MANUFACTURERS & DEALERS IN

HATS, CAPS, UMBRELLAS,

Army and Navy Chapeaux,

REGULATION CAPS, &c.

ALSO,

Ladies' Dress & Fancy Furs.

CORNER OF

COURT AND WASHINGTON STREETS,

BOSTON.

JOHN P. RICE,

IMPORTER OF

EUROPEAN GOODS,

And Dealer in every Variety of

GENTLEMEN'S FURNISHING ARTICLES.

SHIRTS are here made to order, of the Best Ma-
terials, by Workmen of Fifteen Years'
Experience in this Establishment,

80, WASHINGTON STREET,

BOSTON.

WHIPPLE'S

Daguerreotype and Crystallotype

ESTABLISHMENT,

96, WASHINGTON STREET,

J. A. WHIPPLE.

BOSTON.

W. & A. BACON,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

DEALERS IN DRY GOODS,

Woollens, Cottons, Prints, &c.

BACON'S BLOCK,

WASHINGTON STREET,

ROXBURY.

WILLIAM BACON, Junr.

AUGUSTUS BACON.

NEW PRINCIPLE! NO POISON!

RHODES'S FEVER & AGUE CURE,

OR ANTIDOTE TO MALARIA,

FOR THE PREVENTION AND CURE OF

Fever and Ague, or Chill Fever; Dumb Ague, and other Intermittent and Remittent Fevers: also of Bilious Fevers, accompanied by Typhoid Symptoms; Typhoid Fever; Yellow Fever; Ship and Jail Fever; General Debility; Night Sweats; and all other Forms of Disease which have a Common Origin in MALARIA or MIASMA.

THIS subtle Atmospheric Poison, which, at certain seasons, is unavoidably inhaled at every breath, is the same in character wherever it exists,—north, south, east, or west,—and will everywhere yield to this newly-discovered ANTIDOTE, which neutralizes the poison, completely purifies the system, and thus entirely removes all the cause of disease.

The Proprietor distinctly claims these extraordinary results from its use:—

It will protect any resident or traveller, even in the most sickly or swampy localities, from any ague or bilious disease whatever, or any injury from constantly inhaling Malaria or Miasma.

It will instantly check the ague in persons who have suffered for any length of time, from one day to twenty years, so that they need never have another chill, by continuing its use, according to directions.

It will immediately relieve all the distressing results of bilious or ague diseases, such as general debility, night-sweats, &c. The patient at once begins to recover appetite and strength, and continues until a permanent and radical cure is effected. And, as a proof that it is also *worthy of public confidence* because of its singular and entire *harmlessness*, the following Certificate, from one of the most celebrated Chemists in the United States, is attached to every bottle:—

"NEW YORK, June 11, 1855.

"I have made a Chemical examination of 'Rhodes's Fever and Ague Cure, or Antidote to Malaria,' and have tested it for Arsenic, Mercury, Quinine, and Strychnine, but have not found a particle of either in it; nor have I found any substance in its composition that would prove injurious to the constitution.

"JAMES R. CHILTON, M.D., *Chemist*."

This allows of its *Free Use as a Preventive*; by which all persons may thus be sure of entire freedom from the above-named diseases, no matter how sickly the season or swampy the locality.

PROOFS OF EFFICACY are frequently published; and the confidence of the public is asked only in proportion to its *actual merits*, wherever introduced and used. These only are relied upon to prove its worth.

One or two bottles will answer for ordinary cases; some may require more. Directions, printed in German, French, and Spanish, accompany each bottle. Price One Dollar.

Prepared and Sold by the Proprietor,

JAMES A. RHODES, Providence, R. I.

BOSTON: WEEKS & POTTER.

And for Sale by Druggists generally throughout the United States, Canada, &c.

Extract of a Letter from Professor Fletcher, who was cured while engaged at Brown University, Providence, Rhode Island.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND., March 1, 1855.

JAMES A. RHODES, Esq.: Dear Sir,—Yours of 15th ult. has been received; and I am glad to hear that a medicine so efficacious is to be introduced into this *agueish* country. I have the greatest confidence in its success, and can re-assure you of its happy effect upon me, in entirely breaking up the chills, and leaving me strong and healthy.

I like the statement on your wrappers, that you will let the medicine stand on its own merits; and, standing thus, I am most sanguine of its success.

I expect to travel over a large portion of our State this spring, and I shall have abundant opportunity to recommend it verbally. Wherever I go, I shall take great pleasure in thus testifying to its merits; and, if you will instruct your agent to let me have a few bottles, I will carry them with me to distribute for your benefit. In haste, I remain truly yours,

MILES J. FLETCHER.

Had the Ague for Twelve Years!

PROVIDENCE, June 29, 1855.

Having been informed of the illness of a poor but worthy woman, who has not been free from Fever and Ague a month at a time for the last twelve years, I supplied her gratuitously with "Rhodes's Fever and Ague Cure." She took in all four bottles, which completely restored her to health and strength; and, as four months have now elapsed, there is no reason to doubt the permanency of the cure.

I am also aware of many other cases in which it has been used, and have never known it to fail.

C. A. P. MASON, *Apothecary*.

Letter from a Postmaster.

MAXWELL, DELAWARE CO., OHIO,
Aug. 19, 1855.

MR. J. A. RHODES: Dear Sir,—Your medicine has met with the most favorable success in this neighborhood. I have about five bottles left. I gave it to them at first, "if no cure, no pay," although I was not authorized by you to do so; but I took the responsibility on myself. But not a bottle has come back; and, as I am almost out of the article, I wish you would forward me one gross of the bottles, if you see proper to do so, and I will be punctual in payment. I enclose fifteen dollars on the medicine I have received, for which please send me a receipt. Ship the Cure to me as soon as you can: there never has been as much Chills and Fever, since I lived in the State, as at present.

Yours, &c., RICHARD MARTIN, P.M.

CONSTANTINE, MICH., Sept. 24, 1855.

JAMES A. RHODES, Esq.: Dear Sir,—I have just sent an order to Ames & Halliday for another half-gross of your Fever and Ague Cure. It has sold like Hot Cakes, and I have only two bottles on hand. One reason it has sold is, because, when I have heard of a case of Ague or Chill Fever, I have sent a bottle, and told them to try it, and, if it did not help them, they were not obliged to pay for it; and they were all satisfied. I had one case of Chill Fever, where it took four days; but the man came to see me on the sixth day, well satisfied. Truly yours,

JOHN P. GLADDING.

MOLINE, ILL., Sept. 24, 1855.

MR. JAMES A. RHODES: Dear Sir,—The box of "Ague Cure" you sent us has all been sold, and created a large demand for more; to meet which, we have ordered from your General Agent at Chicago, J. D. Yerrington. Its sale will only be equalled by the number of Fever and Ague cases. Hoping these cases may be few, yet have a bottle of the Cure for every case, We remain

Respectfully yours, &c.,

RICHARDS & ALLEN.

THE
STUDENT AND SCHOOLMATE;

EDITED BY N. A. CALKINS AND A. R. PHIPPEN.

The Student and Schoolmate has been established by the union of two highly popular magazines—"The Student," which has attained to its twelfth volume, and "The Schoolmate," at the commencement of its fifth volume. By this union the most valuable features of the two magazines have been united in one. An idea of the popularity of each may be had from the high character of the following brief extracts from

THE STUDENT.

"I have used *The Student* as a reading-book for the last six years, in the schools that I have taught, and I take pleasure in stating that I have found it *far superior to any other reader* that I ever used. It is a work which every teacher who desires the children under his charge to receive the greatest possible benefit should introduce into his school."—A. L. FOOTE, *Freeport, N. Y.*

"At a meeting of the Principals of the District Schools of the city of Albany, it was *Resolved*, That *The School-mate* is an Educational Miscellany of rare excellence and usefulness, and that we heartily commend it to teachers and schools."—*Albany Evening Atlas*.

ROBINSON & RICHARDSON, Publishers, 119 Washington Street, Boston.

DOCK-SQUARE FURNITURE AND CARPET WAREHOUSE.

A. H. ALLEN,

WHOLESALE & RETAIL DEALER IN

All Kinds of Rich, Medium, and Low-priced Furniture; Live-Geese and Common Featherers; Hair and Common Mattresses; Bedsteads, Tables, Chairs, Looking-Glasses, Carpets, and Upholstery Goods.

CHAMBER SETS.—A Large Assortment of Rosewood, Black Walnut, Mahogany, Oak, and Painted Chamber Furniture, of every description.

DRAWING-ROOM FURNITURE.—An Elegant Assortment, consisting of Sofas, Divans, Lounges, Easy-Chairs, Gothic and Parlor Chairs in Rosewood, Black Walnut, Mahogany, and Oak. Also Marble-top Centre and Side Tables, What-Nots, French Card-Tables and Mirrors.

A Great Variety of Rich Plushes, Brocettes, Silk and Worsted Damask, Muslin and Lace Curtains; splendid Cornices, Bands, Silk and Worsted Loops, Hair cloth Moreens, Cotton Damask, &c., &c.

CARPETS.—Velvet Tapestry, Brussels, and Common Carpets; Stair, Oil-cloth Carpets; Rugs; Stair-rods; Wool Mats.

REFRIGERATORS.—The largest Assortment of Upright and Common Refrigerators in Boston.

☐ All of the above large stock can be sold at twenty per cent less than by any other establishment in Boston.

NEW-ENGLAND FURNITURE AND CARPET WAREHOUSE.

In connection with the Dock-square Warehouse will be found the Extensive CARPET, FURNITURE, AND FEATHER WAREHOUSE, corner Union and North Streets, under the Firm of

ALLEN & LINCOLN,

where will be found one of the largest varieties of Furniture, Feather Beds, Mattresses, Carpets, Mirrors, and the same variety as at Dock-square Store, which will be sold at the same extremely low prices as above.

3 & 5, Union St., cor. North St., Boston.

NEW STYLES OF BOOTS, SHOES, AND GAITERS, AT PRAY'S, 107, WASHINGTON STREET.

THE SUBSCRIBER has succeeded in modelling a New Last for the Short-toed Boots, that will secure comfort, and the even tread of the Boots. The Spring Shank is indispensable to this style of Boots; and no short-toed boots should be worn without, as it prevents the foot from pressing forward and injuring it, as pressure on the end of the toes is very injurious. The Calfskins used by Mr. Pray are of a very superior quality,—the finest ever imported. Gentlemen, who would secure a Perfect Fit and elegant Boot, are invited to make a trial of a pair.

JOHN F. PRAY.

Prescott's Historical Works.

JUST PUBLISHED.

HISTORY OF THE REIGN OF PHILIP II.

BY WILLIAM H. PRESCOTT.

With Portraits, Maps, Plates, &c.

2 vols. 8vo.

THE Reign of Philip the Second, embracing the last half of the sixteenth century, is one of the most important as well as interesting portions of modern history. It is necessary to glance only at some of the principal events: the War of the Netherlands,—the model, so to say, of our own glorious war of the Revolution; the siege of Malta, and its memorable defence by the Knights of St. John; the brilliant career of Don John of Austria, the hero of Lepanto; the Quixotic adventures of Don Sebastian, of Portugal; the conquest of that kingdom by the Duke of Alba; Philip's union with Mary of England, and his wars with Elizabeth, with the story of the Invincible Armada; the Inquisition, with its train of woes; the rebellion of the Moriscos, and the cruel manner in which it was avenged;—these form some of the prominent topics in the foreground of the picture, which presents a crowd of subordinate details of great interest in regard to the character and court of Philip, and to the institutions of Spain, then in the palmy days of her prosperity.

The materials for this vast theme were to be gathered from every part of Europe; and the author has, for many years, been collecting them from the archives of different capitals. The archives of Simancas, in particular, until very lately closed against even the native historian, has been opened to his researches; and his collection has been further enriched by MSS. from some of the principal houses in Spain, the descendants of the great men of the sixteenth century. Such a collection of original documents has never before been made for the illustration of this period.

Also, New and Uniform Editions of Mr. Prescott's previous Works:—

II.
HISTORY OF THE CONQUEST OF MEXICO. In 3 vols. 8vo.

III.
HISTORY OF THE CONQUEST OF PERU. In 2 vols. 8vo.

IV.
HISTORY OF THE REIGN OF FERDINAND AND ISABELLA. In 3 vols. 8vo.

V.
PRESCOTT'S MISCELLANIES. In 1 vol. 8vo. With a Portrait.

PHILLIPS, SAMPSON, & CO.

PUBLISHERS,

13, Winter Street, Boston.

Recent Publications.

COLOMBA; a Story of the "Vendetta."

Translated from the French of PROSPER MERIMEE. A story of Corsica, of intense interest, and wholly free from the prevailing faults of French novelists. In one elegant 16mo volume. Price 55 cents.

WOLFSDEN; an Authentic Account of Things there and thereunto pertaining, as they are and have been. In one volume, 12mo, with illustrations by BILLINGS. Price \$1.25.

"Clever chiefs an' dennis hizzies
Are lead in sic a way as this is."

This book has more than an ephemeral interest; and, while the reader will finish it for the sake of the story, the force and naturalness of many passages will lead him to re-peruse them, and give the book a permanent place on his shelves.

The search for the lost child "Amy," the delightful "match-stories," the retribution that overtook "Bragley," and other scenes that might be named, could have been written only by a man of genius. Whoever is familiar with life in rustic neighborhoods will find in this story some of the most exquisite touches, reminding him of home by the most tender associations.

Believing that the intrinsic merits of "Wolfsden" will secure favor for it wherever it is known, the publishers respectfully commend it to the attention of the public.

EDITH HALE. By THRACE TALMON. In one volume 12mo. Price \$1.25.

This is a story of New-England life. Its scenes have a strong and truthful local coloring; but they are mostly laid in populous villages. The author sketches character rather than manners, and shows the results of a varied reading in the style of composition. The story abounds in striking incidents; and the beautiful traits of the heroine, as they are developed in her changing fortunes, will win the reader's hearty admiration. The humor, sharp common sense, and natural eloquence of old "Father Shaw," must render him also a great favorite.

Some features of the story will recall "Shady Side," and "Sunny Side;" but the book, so far as it has any bearing upon the pastoral relation, takes an independent view of the subject.

CASTE; a Story of Republican Equality.

By SYDNEY A. STORY, JUN. In one large 12mo vol., 540 pp. Price \$1.25.

MODERN PILGRIMS; showing the Improvements in Travel, and the Newest Methods of reaching the Celestial City. By GEORGE WOOD, author of "Peter Schlemihl in America." 2 vols. 12mo. Price \$1.75.**PHILLIPS, SAMPSON, & CO.**

PUBLISHERS

Select Fiction.

BOOKS WORTHY OF A PLACE ON THE LIBRARY SHELF;

To be read and revised with renewed Pleasure and Profit.

TOLLA; a Tale of Modern Rome. By EDMUND ABOUT. 16mo. Price 75 cents.

"With the glow and passion of Roman life in every page, dealing with a point of morals hard to describe without passing the proper boundaries of domestic romance, this story is as pure in tone as the 'Vicar of Wakefield.'"—*London Standard*.

"Tolla is the incarnation of all that is gentle, sweet, holy, and lovable. It is a character to be remembered when one forgets the fictions of a lifetime. We venture to assert that not one who reads this charming work will ever forget the character of Tolla. It is admired with the same feeling with which we gaze upon the portrait of a Madonna; it is recollected as of earth, but yet having something akin to Divinity."—*Evening Gazette*.

KLOSTERHEIM; or, the Masque. A Novel.

By THOMAS DE QUINCEY. With a Biographical Preface by Dr. SHELTON MACKENZIE. 16mo. Price 75 cents.

"It contains some of the finest tokens of De Quincey's genius."—*Christian Examiner*.

"Klosterheim is guilty of the atrocious sin charged by Moses Stuart upon the only novel of Scott which he ever read,—once taken up, it is too interesting to be laid down. It is beautifully written, vividly colored, and not to be mentioned on the same day with the wishy-washy stuff which makes a popular tale."—*Christian Register*.

"One of the most remarkable productions of one of the most remarkable men of the age."—JOHN G. BATE, in *Burlington Herald*.

THE ONYX RING. A Tale. By JOHN

SEARLING. With a Memoir, by CHARLES HALL. 16mo. Price 75 cents.

"One of the richest and best productions of a truly good and gifted man. The value of the story lies in its pure, deep sympathy with all that is best and most hopeful in human life. The light of a sweet, genial, loving spirit streams out from the page, as the mystic brightness gleamed from the gem."—*Christian Examiner*.

THE LIFE AND WRITINGS OF BEN-

JAMIN FRANKLIN. A new edition. Edited by JARED SPARKS, LL.D. 10 vols. 8vo, with 22 steel plates. \$15.

The Publishers respectfully call the attention of the book-buying public to their edition of Franklin's Works. It is printed on extra fine paper, and handsomely bound in cloth, or half calf, gilt.

No library, public or private, is complete without the Works of Franklin, "the Philosopher, Statesman, and Philanthropist, whose fame is an honor not more to the land of his birth than to the age in which he lived."

ANCIENT SPANISH BALLADS. Translated, with an Introduction and Notes, by J. G. LOCKHART. A new revised edition, with a Biographical Sketch and a beautiful Portrait of Lockhart, engraved expressly for this edition, from a painting by Pickers-gill. 16mo. Price 63 cents.

"A work of genius beyond any of the sort known to me in any language."—TICKSON'S *History of Spanish Literature*.

"The 'Spanish Ballads' are known to our public, but generally with inconceivable advantage, by the very fine and animated translations of Mr. Lockhart."—*HALLAM'S Literature of Europe*.

WHITTEMORE, NILES, & HALL,

114, Washington Street, Boston.

